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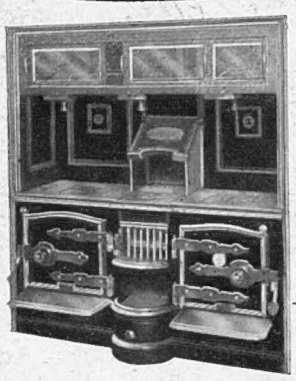

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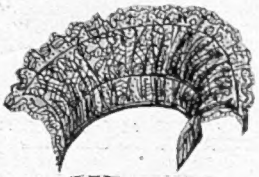

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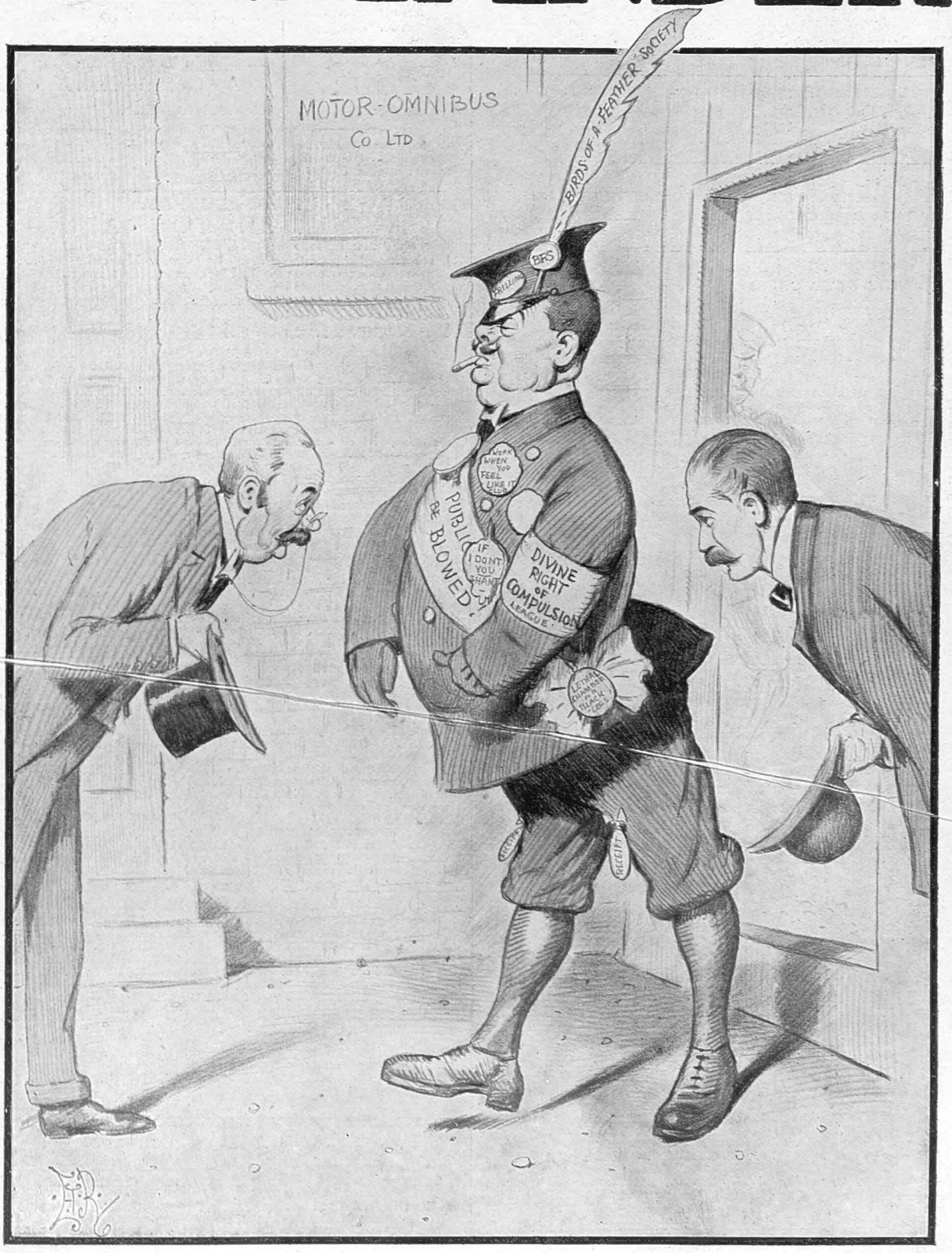

THE RETURN TO WORK

The Motor Busman as we shall presumably know him after a few more strikes for the right to wear Trade Union and other emblems on his uniform

BY E. T. REED

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. THE GAY LOTHARIO.
A Vaudeville by C. H. Bovill. Music by Frank Tours.
Shaun Glenville, Kate Sargeantson, Unity More, Florence Helm, Peggy Evelyn, Rene Koval, Vernon Watson, Charles Troode, Fred Payne, and Madie Hope. Special Varieties, Daisy Jerome, Barry Lupino, etc. Evenings, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIS.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINS. By Margaret W. Morley. (Constable: 8s. 6d. net.)
THE OLD TIME BEFORE THEM. By E. Phillpotts. (Murray: 6s.)
BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD. By B. A. Clarke. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE HOOP OF GOLD. By George Ford. (Allen: 6s.)
THE MERRY MARAUDERS. By A. J. Rees. (Heinemann: 6s.)
AN OFFICER AND A ——. By E. D. Henderson. (Long: 6s.)
LIGHT FINGERS AND DARK EYES. By Vincent Collier. (Long: 6s.)
THE LIZARD. By H. Vaughan-Sawyer. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
MAGPIE HOUSE. By A. Soutar. (Cassell: 6s.)
THE HEART OF A HERO. By Morice Gerard. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
THE LOVE THAT LASTS. By G. B. Burgin. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
THE LIFE OF A FOXHOUND. By John Mills. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s. net.)
THE RENAISSANCE. By Arthur, Count Gobineau. (Heinemann: 10s. net.)
THE PROWLERS. By F. St. Mars. (Nisbett: 6s. net.)
WILLIAM OF GERMANY. By Stanley Shaw. (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.)
MINDS IN DISTRESS. By A. E. Bridger. (Methuen: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE GOVERNOR OF ENGLAND. By Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen: 6s.)
THE TWO KISSES. By Oliver Onions. (Methuen: 6s.)
TIDE MARKS. By Margaret Westrup. (Methuen: 6s.)
THE CLOAK OF ST. MARTIN. By Armine Grace. (Paul: 6s.)
THROUGH WEAL AND THROUGH WOE. By Effie A. Rowlands. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE OUTLAW OF ICELAND. By Victor Hugo. (Paul: 15. 6d. net.)
THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL. By Daphne Allen. (Allen: 5s. net.)
QUEEN ELIZABETH. By W. H. Winter, B.A., B.D. (Long: 3s. 6d. net.)
PHEASANTS AND COVERT SHOOTING. By Captain A. Maxwell. (A. and C. Black: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE GONDOLA. By R. Reynolds. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
THE MARRIAGE OF EDWARD. By Louise Mack. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
VERONICA. By Florence M. Kingsley. (Appleton: 6s.)
POEMS. By D. H. S. Nicholson. (Methuen: 2s. 6d. net.)
WITH THE RUSSIAN PILGRIMS TO JERUSALEM. By S. Graham. (Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.)
WOMEN IN THE HUNTING FIELD. By Mrs. Stuart Menzies. (Vinton: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE UNWILLING ADVENTURER. By R. Austin Freeman. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
THE HOLY LAND. By Robert Hichens. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
THE DREAM SHIP. By Cynthia Stockley. (Constable: 6s.)
THE AWAKENING OF THE DESERT. By Julius Birge. (Heath, Cranton: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE EYES OF ALICIA. By C. E. Pearce. (Paul: 6s.)
MAIZE OF SCILLY. By E. J. Tiddy. (Long: 6s.)
BELISARIUS. By John Presland. (Chatto and Windus: 5s. net.)
DIRK. By A. B. Marchand. (Longman: 6s.)
MY WIFE'S HIDDEN LIFE. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
A TRAP TO CATCH A DREAM. By D. C. Calthrop. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
WHEN LOVE CALLED. By A. W. Marchmont. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
WHICH HERITAGE? By Lilian Dalton. (Constable: 6s.)

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Photograph *Henri Manuel*

THE SEQUEL TO THAT "INDISCRETION"

President Poincaré (snapshotted in a train), to whom King Constantine of Greece paid a strictly private visit on Sunday last, to explain away that unfortunate speech, in which His Majesty thanked "Prussian" rather than French military ideas for the glorious success of the Greek Armies

Reality in Politics

A welcome note was sounded last week of what the Germans would call *realpolitik*. For some days his mere Majesty had been conferring with mere ordinary men of affairs, such as Sir Edward Grey, Lords Kitchener, Lansdowne, Curzon, Messrs. Balfour and Bonar Law, no doubt just the proper people for nice quiet luncheon or tea-parties and chats on such abstractions of politics as Home Rule Conferences and the like. It could not, however, be expected that the element of reality would be lacking for long, and Thursday morning brought us back to the facts of life. Mr. Lloyd George returned to Town four days before the end of his continental motor trip (paragraph). Mr. Winston Churchill, having lost *his* motor, took a taxi-cab from Perth to Balmoral in order not to be late for the Royal summons (several paragraphs). We were back in the thick of it with two bangs. George and Churchill once again loudly among us, there's no fear of politics going to sleep in their beds.

***

Mr. George to Play

Perhaps Mr. George will be up at Balmoral this week, but he will have to think hard and long to beat Mr. Churchill's ride in that taxi. Some kind caddie will have to help him "hole in one" at some golf match *en route* (paragraph), and woodmen will have to hunt for snakes so as to have one handy for our Chancellor to kill (paragraph). At present Winston, with the sixty-mile taxi ride, owns the road. All I am worried with is the awful thought that perhaps the First Lord's punctilious regard for duty may have failed to make the desired impression on the Royal mind.

***

An Awful Thought

The King is known to have a detestation for anything which the vulgar might define as "swank," even in the sacred cause of duty to himself, and being also of economical turn of mind, may have begrudged the five or ten pounds that would have had to be paid by His Majesty's Government to the cabman who collaborated in this clever bit of pantomime, as well as the tip to the obliging man who hid the motor. Worse still, suppose His Majesty, acting on a famous Churchillian precedent, had "forgotten Winston" and the ostentatious arrival at Balmoral was unexpected? But that is, of course, beyond hoping for.

A HERO AT THE SEASIDE

King Constantine of Greece, victor over the Turks and Bulgars, and future Emperor of Byzantium (?), takes a walk at the English seaside (Eastbourne), as would any mere ordinary person. With him are his two growing boys, the Duke of Sparta and Prince Paul

ALWAYS WELCOME!

The German Crown Princess, at present in England (not with the Prince, but with thirty ladies and gentlemen of the German Court). We trust this visitation has no sinister political purpose

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

Carsonism, and What Next?

Busmen and Buttons

Our newspapers continue to help on the Socialist game by giving to the strike of London busmen over buttons about ten times the average space they devoted to the Balkan War at its height. Of all strikes for which Londoners at large ought not to care a button this should be the one. There are far too many motor-'buses on our narrow highways, and the speed at which they move, apart from its danger, is nullified by the blocks which they themselves create at the principal crossways.

***

Overbused London

Motor-'buses are convenient — too convenient. Thanks to them, to take a walk down Fleet Street or the Strand is almost a forgotten effort of the intellect. That a motor-'bus strike, lasting for any length of time, would seriously embarrass London I find it difficult to believe, in view of the fact that there are so few quarters not reachable by tube or tram, neither of which institutions is at present getting a fair chance, owing to this very competition of motor-'buses with a false reputation for fastness.

***

New Canadian Viceroy

I am able this week to give the name of the probable successor of the Duke of Connaught in the Canadian Viceroyalty—an appointment in which the Duke himself has no doubt had a voice. The prospective Viceroy, Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, is a friend of his Royal Highness, who formed a close acquaintance with him while on his visit to South Africa, and has a high appreciation of his abilities as a statesman and diplomatist.

***

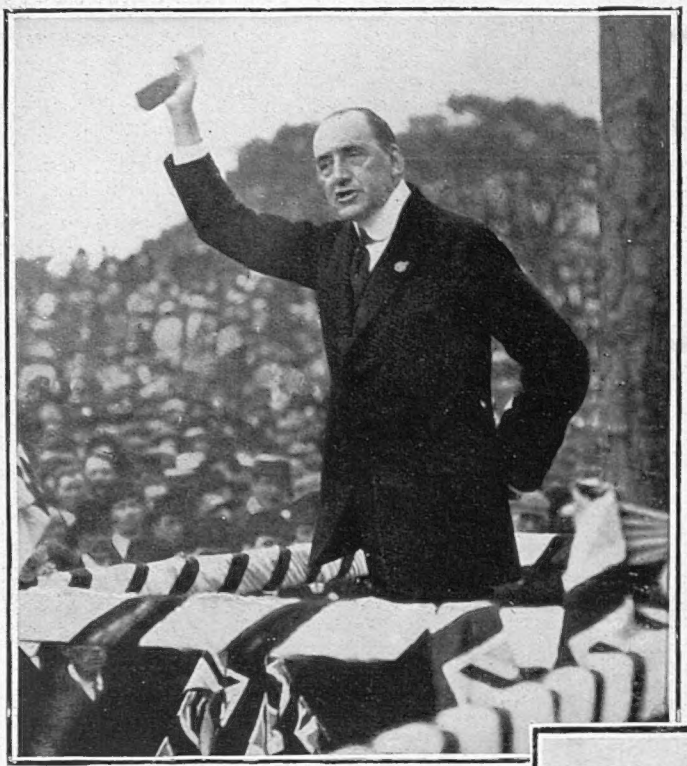
President Thaw?

I should like also to be able to nominate the probable successor to Mr. Woodrow Wilson, when that very professorial President retires. It is probably Mr. Harry K. Thaw, whose popularity with the American public increases at such a rate that the White House, not Matteawan, is his only possible ultimate asylum. The Thavians in their present mood will stand nothing less. I see that Thaw has asked permission to be able to see a theatrical performance. The entertainment world will appreciate this compliment from the Master.

***

CIVIL WAR OVER ULSTER?

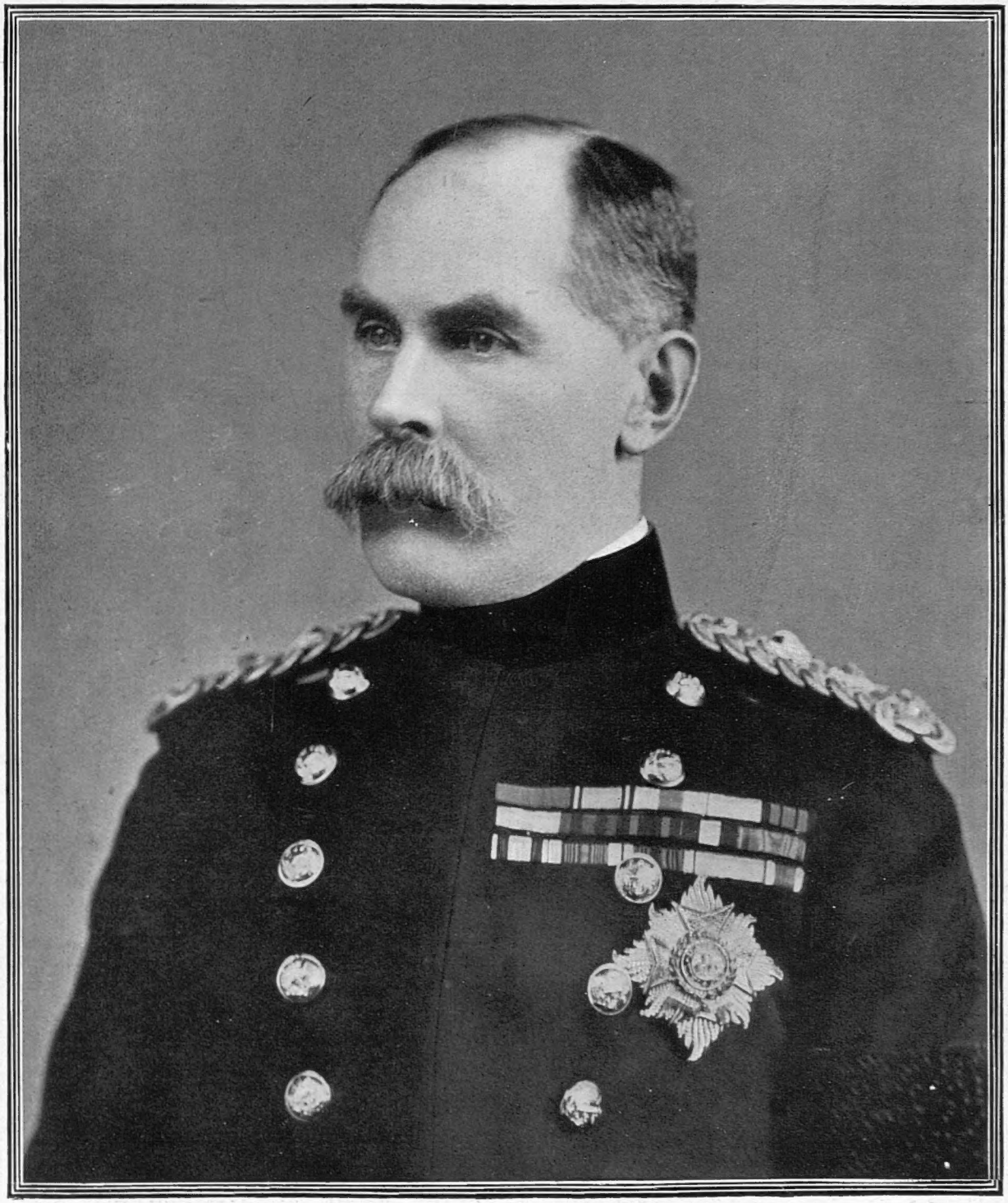
Ulster has appointed its General, and Sir E. Carson and Mr. Smith promise that if civil war it is to be Ulster will not stand alone, but that "the great Unionist army in England" will fight for the maintenance of the Union. Our observation of the attitude of that "army" does not associate it with "fighting" of any very strenuous kind. It seems hardly capable of killing Home Rule with its mouth, let alone its bayonets. However, twelve months of Carsonism may work miracles, and next summer may—quite conceivably—see well-fed Conservative



"SING MUSH, MUSH, MUSH—
Sir Edward Carson speaking at Newry, where recruiting has been going on for the Ulster Volunteer Force, a body "determined to assert Ulster's independence of an Irish Parliament and bent upon offering armed resistence and entering upon civil war if necessary"

—TOORAL—I—ADY!"
Mr. F. E. Smith, too, has been out on the Ulster war-path, and is here seen addressing the crowd at Kilkeel. Though at present only a political lieutenant under "General" Carson, we fancy that Mr. Smith will go up a bit when it comes to warfare: he is, at least, a real officer in the King's Own Oxfordshire Hussars

Canada's Next Viceroy?



Photograph *Maull and Fox*

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD METHUEN, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

Who has, we learn on good authority, been offered, and is likely to accept, the post of Governor-General of Canada on the retirement of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught

gentlemen flying to the Orange colours to prevent Ulster's deprivation of the priceless boon of being "governed" as at present by gentlemen at Westminster, who, for £400 a year, vote as the Party Whips tell them to. The Unionist army may, we say, fight under this banner. But, speaking for ourselves, if we decide to risk our own life, and to invite our fellow Bystanders to do the same, in any civil war whatever, it will not be to help Ulster, who seems well enough able to help herself, but to help England. And it will not be for the right to be governed by Westminster, but for the right to be governed by ourselves. If civil war there is to be, let it be for some principle dear to Englishmen. As politics are at present constituted, we are unable to see that Ulster stands to lose any more of her liberties at the hands of a Dublin Parliament controlled by Irishmen than she does at those of a London one controlled by a Welshman.

Maud Allan : Scandal : Manœuvres

The Other Side of the Maud Allan Affair

I wonder if there is, perchance, a wee word to be said on the *other* side of this question of Miss Maud Allan in India? Every paper has agreed that it would be a risky thing to let the "native mind" acquire the idea that women of the "conquering race" may disport themselves as scantily clad as native nautch dancers. One dares to wonder why the mind of the mild Hindu—often a highly cultivated person—should find it so much more difficult to contemplate such art as that of Miss Allan (*i.e.*, posturing to classical music) in its proper æsthetic perspective than does the European.

* * *

Why Not?

I am not a horrid Radical, but if I were, when nobody was listening, I should ask why the "native mind" cannot be given a *chance* to raise itself (ahem!) to the high level at which that of the Sahib contemplates such exhibitions. But as a good Tory Imperialist I banish such thoughts. 'Tention! Br-r-r-mph!

THE DUKE OF MONTROSE and THE MARQUIS OF BUTE
At the Royal Caledonian Hunt and Western Race Meeting at Ayr last Wednesday

* * *

Journalism in the Area

The bookstall exhibits for us a neck-and-neck race between luridly covered journals, each, apparently, running each other close in quest of scandal. Never was the world so jolly and so altogether shocking as it is according to these well-informed ones. What *did* the Duke say to the musical comedy actress, and why *wasn't* the Minister's wife present at the official reception, and what *didn't* the Ambassador have to pay to keep the truth about the matter out of the papers? All very nice, and all that. But, alas! the fear haunts me that though the devil may do his worst, he'll never be able to find mischief enough to fill such columns for long.

* * *

Anonymous Scandal

Already, you notice, most of the alleged scandal affects persons who are nameless, as well as shameless, and of anonymous scandal the public grows tired and suspicious. It isn't likely, with so many noses on the poke, that real people are going to be careless enough to do anything really scandalous in such a manner that anything could possibly be known about it. The net effect of so many scandalmongering sheets is to kill the goose that is expected to lay the golden egg, or, at any rate, to drive it to lay it somewhere where it can't possibly be picked up.

* * *

Our Young Army

A correspondent writes: The thing that struck me most about the Army manœuvres last week was the extraordinary youth of the soldiers of the line. Except the N.C.O.'s and one or two veterans here and there whole regiments seemed to be composed of boys. Indeed, when the Grenadier Guards marched by it was quite refreshing to see a collection of mature men, who could really grow a moustache without having to think about it.

* * *

MARY LADY GERARD and LORD LONSDALE
At Ayr during the Royal Caledonian Hunt Races

Bad or Good?

At first sight such a state of things struck one as wholly bad, but I suppose there are advantages. The short service system may bring down the average age of the Army, but it should bring up the strength of the reserve very considerably; and, granted that the next few years see no important changes in drill or equipment, that should be of the greatest possible use to us. For with our Territorials continually dwindling we must rely more and more on our reserve.

* * *

The Accident

I did not see the manœuvres proper, but only the crossing of the Thames near Henley. The pontoon accident, of which so much has been said, was regrettable, but if the horses had not been harnessed to the carts they would probably have been saved. Later in the day horses

Glorious September Sunshine

GRACES THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT MEETING AT AYR

MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL AND SIR WILLIAM BASS

THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE

LADY ALFRED BROWNE AND THE HON. CYRIL LIDDELL

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PADDOCK

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO AND CAPTAIN MERVIAN WILLIAMS

PRISCILLA COUNTESS ANNESLEY AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY CLARE ANNESLEY (on left)

LADY NOREEN BASS AND COLONEL HALL WALKER

The Royal Caledonian Hunt and Western Race Meeting opened at Ayr last Wednesday in the midst of brilliant sunshine, so that the natural beauties of the scenery surrounding the racecourse were at their best. A large number of well-known Society race-goers were present as may be seen from our photographs above

Comments and Cartoonettes

and carts were transported separately, a convenient and safe proceeding, but rather leisurely to execute under fire, I should imagine.

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Progress

To a mere civilian the greatest advance on the manœuvres of a few years ago seemed to be the almost incredible lightening of the transport. I hardly saw a heavy waggon the whole time. And, by-the-bye, I hope our Tommies like Irish stew, for, to judge by the smell of the various "cookers" on two separate days, they seem to get precious little else.

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Pity the Poor Telephone

A learned American judge has been indicting the telephone for its immoral influence. "Boys and girls," he declares, "say things to each other over the 'phone they would not say if they had to speak face to face." Well, it may be so—but many find that they pine for a "face-to-face-talk" when they have a few quiet little complaints to the telephone girls. The instrument has such a curious habit of becoming disconnected just when you are coming to the really important parts.

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The "Repressed Wish"

One of the many sections of the British Association has been discussing "dreams," and we are told that, according to one learned authority, "the dream of a child was the fulfilment of a wish and the dream of an adult the disguised fulfilment of a repressed wish." I protest most violently against this diagnosis. The other night I dreamed that I was stunned by a horse who had just thrown me. This may be the "disguised fulfilment" of something or other, but certainly not of "a repressed wish." Horses and others whom it may concern, please take notice.

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Those Critics Again

Somebody ought to start a league against book-reviewers, art, musical, and dramatic critics—all the vultures, in fact. Here is a charming example of the mentality of a book-reviewer. Speaking of the heroine of a recent novel, he writes: "X is an almost perfect little prig. She reads, for example, 'The Golden Bough.' . . ." So I suppose we are to understand that for anybody to be interested in comparative religions is synonymous with priggishness!

GENERAL SIR G. RICHARDSON (to Ulster Volunteers): "It is a great pleasure to me to see this magnificent parade of men . . . . whom one would be prepared to lead anywhere. I wish to impress upon you that the very essence of your efficiency is discipline, drill, and knowledge of your rifle and how to use it. This knowledge will be very useful to you."

From the "Times" Report By E. T. Reed

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Mr. Maxwell and the Booksniffs

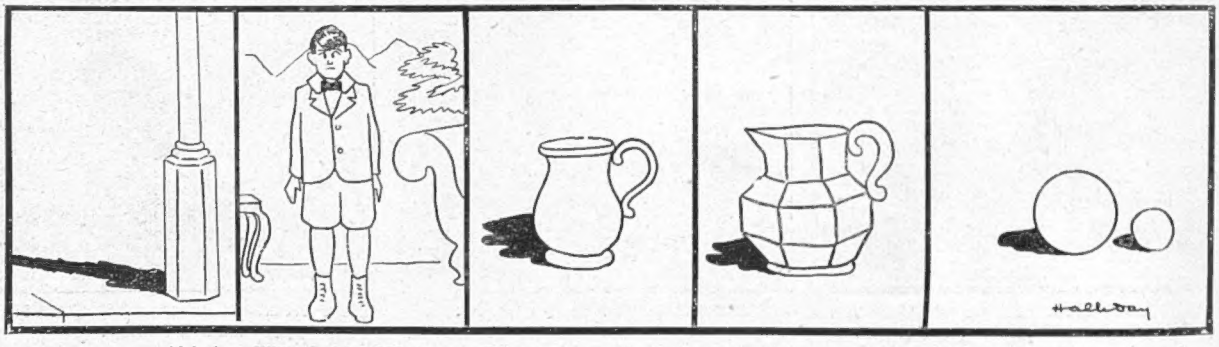
(*To the Editor of* The Bystander)

Dear Sir, — Please accept my best thanks for the welcome and valuable support that you have given in The Bystander to us writers of books. The current number of the journal (that you so kindly sent me) contains a review of *The Devil's Garden*, which, I believe, will carry great weight. If there is any common sense, not to say notion of fair play, in the Libraries' Association they must be affected by the words of your reviewer.

With renewed thanks, I am, yours sincerely,

Lichfield House, Richmond. W. B. Maxwell.

PEARL DISCOVERY—ILLUSTRATED WITH GREAT EFFORT



Lamp-post near which the pearls were found

Willie Smith, of Hackney, who, only the previous day, climbed the lamp-post

Pewter-pot out of which the finder drank after discovering the pearls

Jug which was standing quite close to the pewter-pot out of which the finder drank

A marble to which comparison of the pearls has often been made; the size may be judged by the pea standing by it

(*With apologies to our daily contemporaries*)

A Study in Nautical Hilarity

JOLLY RUSSIAN TARS OF THE "RURIK" AT PORTLAND LAST WEEK

A side-issue of the European autumn manœuvres has been the visit of the Russian Baltic Fleet to Portland. This squadron, which consists of five cruisers, four destroyers, and four battleships commanded by Admiral von Essen, arrived in British waters last week. The Russian officers and crews were entertained by the British ships at Portland, and local authorities of the latter town and Weymouth. Our photograph shows the Russian sailors of the "Rurik" in the hilarious condition usually associated with, and expected of, "jolly tars"

WHO, WHAT, and WHERE?

A Few Polite Notes About Personalities

Masculine ?

FOR the Army manœuvres this week the King and Queen are staying at Althorp with Lord Spencer, once Lord Chamberlain, and, if report speaks true, not at all a particularly efficient one. On the face of it, though the Queen is, of course, welcomed with the utmost pleasure and loyalty wherever she goes, there might not seem any very urgent or immediate reason for her presence at such an exclusively masculine occasion as military operations must provide. But, to tell the truth, Her Majesty's energetic and—may I say it ?—"managing" disposition does not allow her to remain "out of the running," whatever may be going on.

A FAMOUS BRIDEGROOM-TO-BE AND HIS FIANCÉE

Photograph *Wynford Swinburne*

KAID GENERAL SIR HARRY AUBREY DE MACLEAN AND MISS ELLA PRENDERGAST

Who are to be married this month. The Kaid is well known for his adventurous career in Morocco where he was Colonel of the late Sultan's bodyguard, and captured by Raisuli in 1907

* * *

Royal "Nerves"

As a matter of fact the weather some of these latter days at Balmoral has been more than a little trying, and when one doesn't take any part in the shooting—the Queen has a strong humanitarian dislike of field sports—Scotch mists have a tendency to get even on Royal nerves, and make any sort of change a welcome one.

* * *

Hunting Alone

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who have been entertaining a few guests at Dunrobin, are, I am told, to part company shortly for a while. The Duke is going on another of his big-game expeditions, but this time unaccompanied by the Duchess. There are said to be particular reasons why the Duchess prefers to stay at home, but for the truth of these I am not prepared to vouch. They have not yet fixed on a new Town residence to replace Stafford House, and should the Duke go abroad for any length of time this may, of course, be more or less indefinitely postponed.

* * *

Why ?

The Connaught wedding is going to be made, one is told, very much of a "private" or "family" affair—no foreign Royalties invited and not even a proper procession ! This seems rather a mistake. Surely there is no reason that anyone can see for treating the event as anything but a "Royal alliance," and giving it all the pomp and ceremony which form the essence of the occasion from the popular point of view.

* * *

Damaging Revelations

Mr. Asquith had a bad time on Lossiemouth links with the Suffragettes (why exactly were they let off scot-free, by the way ?), but an insidious and, apparently, friendly journalist has dealt him a much shrewder blow. Far less damaging to one's self-respect to be knocked on the head by angry ladies than to have one's full score published—when one is the Prime Minister, anyway. Not a seven or an eight was omitted by this traitor who presented himself in

A DORSETSHIRE WEDDING

SIR THOMAS AND LADY LEES

Sir Thomas Lees, eldest son of the late Sir Elliott Lees, of South Lytchet Manor, Poole, Dorset, was married at St. Mary's, Gillingham, last week to Miss Benita Pelly, eldest daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Pelly, of Gillingham, and a niece of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton. The bride and bridegroom are seen leaving the church after the ceremony

The Very Latest Portrait

OF MISS GERTIE MILLAR (WHICH IS SAYING A GOOD DEAL)

Photograph *Rita Martin*

Miss Gertie Millar has, since June last, been playing Kitty Kent, the millionaire's daughter who marries a cowboy, in *The Marriage Market*, at Daly's Theatre. We tremble to think how many times Miss Millar has faced the camera during her career, but this—we have it on unimpeachable authority—is really the very latest portrait of her

the guise of an honorary caddie. Mr. Asquith, too, will have to make a speech explaining how he once did a hole in one. But I really think *he*—though it's a hard thing to say of a politician—is too honest for that.

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Ex-Officio

Very particular requests have been issued to those attending the Sackville wedding to bring their invitation cards with them. This, however, does not apply to jurymen, ushers, or others concerned in the celebrated will case, who are, of course, *ex-officio* welcome to Knole at any time.

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Family Honours

Mr. William Westenra, who comes of age this week, is heir not only to the barony of Rossmore, but also to what may well seem to him a somewhat more embarrassing possession, the biographical celebrity, or notoriety, of his father, that most indiscreet of *raconteurs*. Most amusingly scandalous as these "recollections" were, I'm afraid they made a good many enemies for his family. Another family "possession" of recent acquisition is, of course, Sir Abe Bailey, of South African "fame," who married Lord Rossmore's daughter a couple of years ago.

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The Royal Tastes

There are some very good things in the programme of the "Royal" music-hall performance at the Coliseum next month, and I hope the proceedings won't be quite so dull as at the last one at the Palace. People have begun to realise that Their Majesties' tastes in entertainment are not quite so ethereally and impossibly refined as was once apparently thought. One is glad to see that a knock-about comedian's "turn" is included. But why only one?

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That Statue

Lady Hardinge is, no doubt, an excellent Vicereine, but I very much doubt the wisdom of erecting a statue of her as well as of Lord Hardinge, as it is proposed to do in celebration of the Viceregal visit to Bankipore. After all, she holds no real official position to justify such a flying in the face of Indian tradition, which deprecates any kind of prominence being assigned to women in the public eye. That the proposal issues from native sources does not incline me any the more in its favour—rather does it remind one, once again, of the Danai and their gifts, which are ever to be regarded with a keen and naturally suspicious eye.

GRANDCHILDREN OF FAMOUS MEN

We reproduce on this page two interesting photographs of the grand-children of two famous men, contemporaries and political opponents. The upper photograph is of Mrs. Parish, née Miss Dorothy Drew, grand-daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, with her infant son, who was born last March. The lower one is of Master Joseph Chamberlain, and was taken on a recent presentation made to his father, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, at Highbury

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Too Realistic

The craze for amateur cinematography, which, though rather expensive, has quite ousted ordinary snapshotting among "Society" people, has already provided a great deal of entertainment at strictly private *séances*—some of it of rather an unexpected kind. And I hear that in a coming *cause célèbre* it is likely to be responsible for some of the most realistic evidence produced.

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An Incomplete Trilogy

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel is a continuation of "The Card," not of "Clayhanger" and "Hilda Lessways." So far that particular trilogy is uncompleted. Is it to remain so? One wonders. Rumour certainly hath it that the public took about 40 per cent. less kindly to "Hilda" than it did to 'Clayhanger," and publishers, like authors, have in these days to be men of bithneth—I beg the *Jewish World's* pardon—of business.

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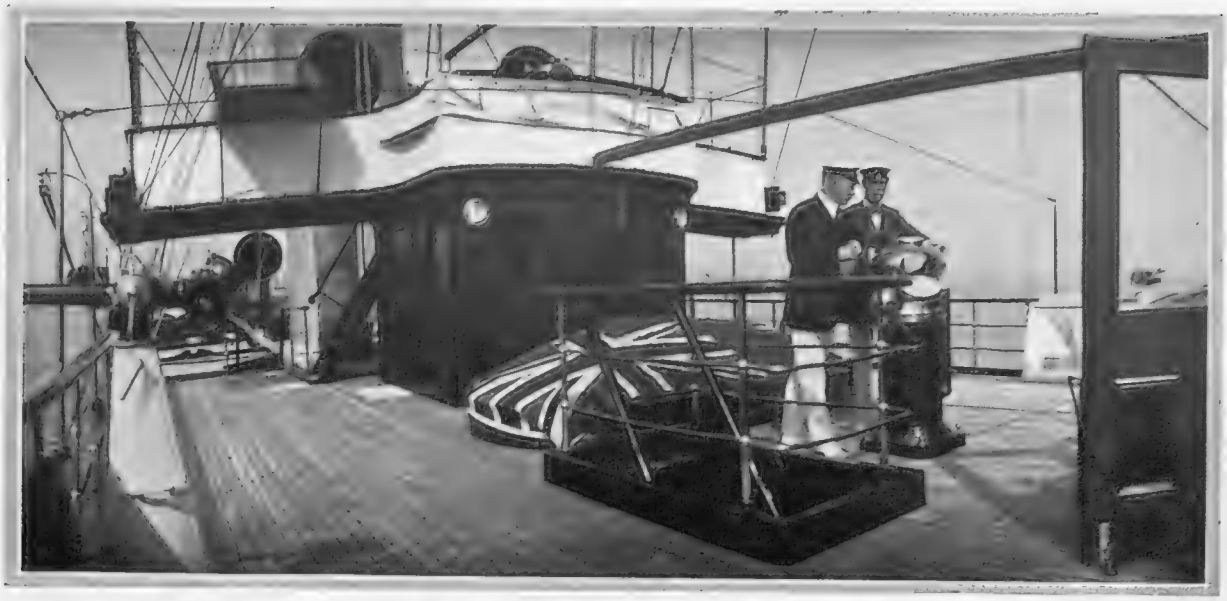
Indian Spice

The Gaekwad of Baroda, whose sister was recently married in London to Prince Jitendra of Cooch Behar, has been staying with a tutor down at Sidmouth, and has, apparently, found the Esplanade and certain adjacent premises very much to his liking. However, there are some things which even the son and heir of an Indian Prince can't do in this country, and it is being wondered how much the sudden and seemingly unaccountable abandonment of the visitors' dance was connected with an inadvertent, but irremediable, invitation that was issued?

Personalities

WHO MUST BE KEPT IN THE PUBLIC EYE



SIR THOMAS LIPTON AND SIR THOMAS DEWAR

On board the former's steam yacht, "Erin," during the British International Trophy Races. The photograph was taken on the upper deck. The two Sir Thomases are, of course, quite obviously embarrassed by the presence of the photographer. Query—How did he get on to the yacht?

LADY WARWICK, CINEMATOGRAPHIST

The Countess of Warwick has joined the noble army of cinematographists and has written a drama called "The Great Pearl Affair," which sounds topical enough, at any rate. Besides, the varied life of the authoress ought to have adapted her to the mobile demands of the cinematograph

DOWNWRITINGS

"LEAVE THEM TO THEIR BUTTONS"

I AM trying to keep calm over the prospect of fresh strikes, convinced that it is as well to take these calamities as and *when* they come. When the railway strike was on in 1911 nervous newspaper readers woke up every morning listening for the sound of the last trump, the less nervous for cries of "Death" from the mob, the rumble of the tumbril, or the thunder of guns from German warships. The papers had made it out to be such a very bad business. A scrap or two between carters at Paddington so frightened many country newspaper readers of my acquaintance that they positively refused to imperil their lives by going to the "besieged city." And other things. We were all in a great state.

When the Coal Strike threatened, it was made out to look like not only the end of this world but of all the other worlds as well. More moderate people were content to believe it meant merely starvation here on earth, while even calm, stoical citizens were quite sure it involved national dislocation (whatever that might mean). The strike came on, and I have not as yet met one man who was a penny the worse for it in mind, body, or estate. We had rather slower trains on our line, but we rather approved of that, as setting at rest long cherished doubts as to whether our trains could be slower.

FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS!

Photograph] MR. MAX MAYER [*G.P.U.*

Owner of the lost pearl necklace which has, to his own and the public's intense relief, at last been recovered. The columns about the necklace in the newspapers have, we hope, duly "enchained" the public.

Well, now, here's this strike, over the Busman's Button. At the moment of writing our nerves haven't been worked up to the end-of-the-universe stage: or even to that of plague, pestilence, famine, battle, murder, and sudden death; not even good old national dislocation. We are quite calm, so far, about Messrs. Tilling and their men's buttons, our leading newspaper merely being rather sorry about it all, wringing its hands, and asking whatever we can all do. In spite of the efforts of Parliament, (and of its own clever young fellows), these problems seem to get no forrarder. The workers are still troubled about their trade union buttons; still "protesting against a possible increase of their hours of work," still showing other signs of acute distress about whatever it is—as small as a button or as shadowy as a hypothesis—that is deemed good enough by Trade Union agitators to use as a pretext against employers. The workers are more discontented, more "sick of the grinding of the industrial mill," more determined to "convert political power into higher wages, better houses, more food and an ampler life."

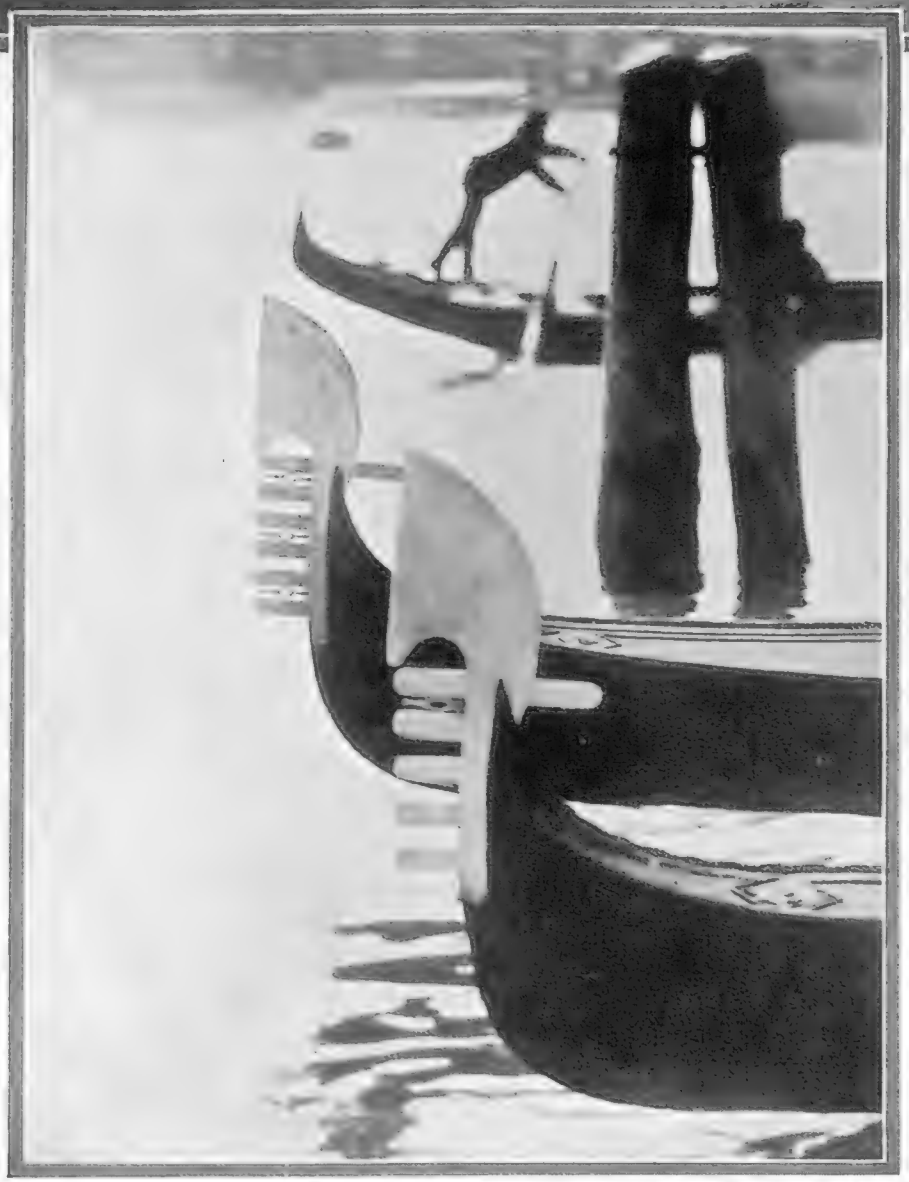
But the trouble, we are warned, will not be "solved by legislation." True, it won't, because unfortunately that discontent, by the evident intention of the Creator, has been deep rooted in human nature since the Fall of Man. Does my newspaper suggest that "discontent with the daily grind" the desire for "higher wages, better houses, and an ampler life" is the monopoly of any particular class? Doesn't it exist on every rung of the social ladder? Aren't we, the whole lot of us, after that "ampler life"? Don't even social-reform statesmen like more houses, motors, better golf and plenty of it, and are noble newspaper proprietors even content with *their* place in the sun?

I quite agree that "social reform" doesn't do very much to solve the problem of poverty as it is: the best that can be hoped from it is that it deals a blow in advance against poverty to come. All good reform is for Posterity, not for the present day. With actual poverty, one is always too late. Once a beggar, always a beggar. And so on and so forth.

But my newspaper friends more or less agree. They wring their hands, and take refuge in Tolstoy. The social problem will be solved, says one of them, only when we observe the rule "that there are no circumstances in which a human being can be treated without affection." Odd to have to go to Tolstoy for truths so much better stated by so much earlier and more eminent an Immortal, but perhaps the leader-writer's night life prevented him

Imaginative Photography

TWO INTERESTING PICTURES FROM THE LONDON SALON



THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES (SEEN IN A NOVEL ASPECT) AND VENETIAN GONDOLIERS

(From studies by Pierre Dubreuil, now on exhibition at the London Salon of Photography, 5a, Pall Mall)

"LEAVE THEM TO THEIR BUTTONS" (*concluded*)

getting under the influence of the religious drama, and he had forgotten the precise origin of such ideas as the love of one's neighbour as oneself.

If, however, the standard seed is to be sown to raise the prize sweet pea of Christianized industry, I fear the great Joint Stock companies will be found stony ground. It may, no doubt, be possible for employers in close touch with their workmen—such as Lord Northcliffe—to practise the Tolstoyan affection written of, doubtless from personal experience, by the leader-writer. But when it comes to showing it to the thousands and thousands of workers at, say, Crewe or Derby, or Elswick, I fear there is little immediate hope. There must be incentive. The *Daily Mail* must offer a prize to the largest hearted company. Hang it all, if it offered tens of thousands to tempt individuals to risk their necks in the material heavens, something equally spacious should be done to cause Companies to risk their dividends in the spiritual ones.

But that is their affair. The public, I imagine, will regard these excursions into religion as eleventh-hour desperation. You remember the bishop in the shipwreck who, when told by the captain that they must trust in Providence, said, "Oh, dear! Is it as bad as all that?" The public will see that if only the Christian spirit can solve the labour problem they had better leave it alone, and consider, in the meantime, how the "unrest" affects themselves. If successive strikes are to be the order of the day, and the transit of our bodies and the wherewithal of life is liable to be constantly held up, we shall have to ask ourselves whether we cannot somehow render ourselves less dependent on the efforts of these gentry who squabble over buttons. And, instead of worrying ourselves what we can best do *for* them let us combine to consider how we can best do *without* them. Let us begin over the strike that lies to hand, and, instead of jumping on to motor-'buses for the shortest of distances, try walking. And if you can afford a motor, even a small one to drive yourself, now's the time to get one; or a moter-cycle, or anything on wheels that you can propel yourself. That may get you, at all events, over the Transit Trouble. As to food, have you ever compared how much one consumes with how little one needs? And likewise of clothes; and of everything else?

The solution of the Labour Problem, Sir, lies in the hands of the individual citizen. Let him go on strike himself, by learning to do without, right quickly, and Labour, which depends on those who haven't yet learned it, will come to its senses before it has been learned too well. Meanwhile, leave them to their Buttons.

DOWNWRITER

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

KING Constantine has now admitted that the Greek victories in the war with Turkey were due not merely—as was first said—to the practice of Prussian tactics, but also to the practice of French tactics. 1st and 3rd Wednesdays, Prussian tactics; 2nd and 4th Fridays, French tactics.

* * *

Territorials will be a little hurt if this tactiful King leaves England without admitting that a study of their methods was the really decisive factor in the war.

* * *

At the outset of the Army manœuvres three horses were drowned while crossing the Thames on pontoons. Perhaps now at last Colonel Seely will realise that if the War Office had gone in for water-planes on the scale advocated by some of the half-penny papers this expense would not have fallen upon the country.

* * *

We understand that Sir E. Carson has not invited any representatives of the British Army to attend the Ulster manœuvres.

* * *

A leading Canadian is reported in the *Telegraph* as saying "I consider serving in a store an ideal position for the educated woman-worker." This is a nasty hit at mere scientists like Madame Curie.

* * *

Lady Boot's call to college girls to serve in shops has caused a good deal of sensation in various quarters. Among suburban "nuts" the feeling is that they would just as soon not have to buy their neckties or tooth-brushes from even the pick of Girton and Newnham.

* * *

It is not true that Mr. Lloyd George is devoting most of his time at present to the compilation of a little book called "Lords and Dukes Who Are Worse Than ME."

* * *

"Any woman," says Mr. Webster, English amateur javelin-throwing champion, 1911, "may spend time in throwing her javelin quite alone." But if she is a progressive woman it must be more fun if a Cabinet Minister is within a reasonable distance.

* * *

'Bergson for Beginners" is the name of a little book just published. It is a pleasant idea thus to bring philosophy within the reach of the humblest, and we trust it will be followed by "Aristotle for Amateurs," "Nietzsche for Nerve-Cranks," and "Schopenhauer for the Feeble-Minded."

* * *

Some resentment seems to have been caused by the railway companies raising their rates on luggage at the very time when the public is crying out against them, owing to the large number of accidents that have occurred. Surely, however, railway directors are only raising these rates because they feel that passengers who expect shortly to be run into by another train will not worry about a small extra charge on their boxes.

IN THE DOG-DAYS

"Mother, may I go in the carriage with you? You said I could yesterday"

"No. Pepita is not on speaking terms with you to-day, and you'll get on the poor darling's nerves. Perhaps you may to-morrow—if he's forgiven you by then"

By G. L. Stampa

The Midland Railway has decided not to do away with gas-lighting on their trains, but they will introduce asbestos floors to the carriages. So that next time a train catches fire passengers who are being burnt will have the satisfaction of knowing that the carriage floors, at all events, will be none the worse for the conflagration.

* * *

"If both parents are red or chestnut-haired, all the children will be similarly coloured." A thrifty Eugenist with red hair will, therefore, make a point of marrying a carrotty wife, and thereby secure himself against having to pay for that awfully expensive dye for his daughters, when they come of age.

* * *

"Hockley Parish Council, Essex, has resolved to add extra planks to the stiles in their district in order to assist tight-skirted ladies to climb them." It was a choice, we understand, between adding extra planks to the stiles and adding extra pleats to the skirts, and naturally the stiles could more easily be changed than the styles.

* * *

Dr. Woodrow Wilson seems still undetermined what to do with Mrs. Pankhurst when she lands in the United States. Our advice would be—deport her to Mexico unless President Huerta instantly knuckles under.

* * *

Needless to say, our suggestion that Trafalgar Square should be turned into a bicycling track for Olympic competitors (who would, of course, have their dressing-rooms in what is at present the National Gallery) has met with a good deal of support in the provinces; while our proposal that javelin experts should be permitted to practise at the pictures in the Tate Gallery has roused all art-lovers to enthusiasm.

* * *

On the other hand, the notion that some of our railway companies should lay a track alongside their lines, so that Marathon runners should be able to practise running with the trains is objected to by certain directors—as savouring of competition. You cannot, however, please everyone over this Olympic business.

TOUCHING 'EM

VICAR: "Don't you think my sermon rather touched them to-day, Mr. Stiggins?"
CHURCHWARDEN: "Can't say, Sir. I haven't counted it yet"

By Charles Chilcot

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Sealed Orders" at Drury Lane and "Girls" at the Prince of Wales Theatres

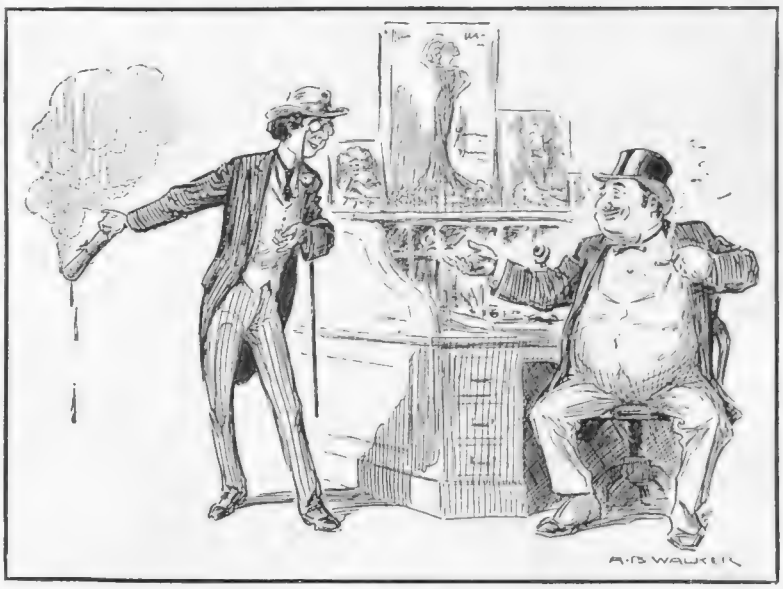
BY "JINGLE"

"SEALED ORDERS" AT DRURY LANE THEATRE

MR. ARTHUR COLLINS moves with the times. He has shown us that it is quite possible to have a melodrama without a sickly sentimental hero or an unspeakably wicked villain. There are good and bad people in this play, of course, but the types are in no way exaggerated. Messrs. Henry Hamilton and Cecil Raleigh have drawn their characters in an agreeably life-like manner, and this, added to the fact that the acting at Drury Lane this year is on a rather higher level than usual, makes *Sealed Orders* an extremely interesting entertainment. In spite of all that has been said about raising the standard of the drama, the old-fashioned style of play seems to retain its hold on the faithful still, and it will, no doubt, continue to do so for quite a while.

The play opens very quietly with the story of a City Clerk who has been endeavouring to supplement his modest income by the precarious enterprise of betting on racehorses; and if you don't know where that sort of thing leads to, you have only to go to Drury Lane to find out the awful, but inexorable, consequences. John Le Page is a clerk in a firm of diamond merchants who cannot afford to have in their employ a man who is likely to be driven to extreme measures to get himself out of financial difficulties. John is, therefore, discharged; and being left alone in the office after his principal has left, he proposes to commit suicide. With this view he puts the usual kind of fatal powder in a glass of sherry, and is about to drink the mixture when his attention is drawn to the fact that burglars are attempting to enter the office from the floor above. And as there are jewels in the safe which are worth I don't know how many thousands of pounds, the position is really exciting. It is so exciting, in fact, that John thinks he may as well postpone his death for a few moments.

The burglary is a very neat and skilful piece of work. A hole is made in the ceiling, through which the burglars thrust an ordinary umbrella. As soon as the umbrella is through the hole it is opened so that it will catch falling pieces of plaster noiselessly, and thus avoid disturbing the neighbours, a contingency that every considerate burglar is properly anxious to avoid. (I think I shall adopt this umbrella trick with all my jobs in future.) Presently a burglar is lowered into the office, and John hides himself and watches the proceedings with growing interest. The safe having been opened, the burglar hunts for the valuable jewellery, and while so engaged disturbs a pile of old papers, the dust from which sets him coughing. Naturally enough he looks round the room for something to drink, and it does not seem at all unreasonable that he should pick up the glass of poisoned sherry and swallow the deadly mixture with a single gulp. He then confesses to a feeling of faintness, after which he falls with the usual dramatic thud to the floor, and passes peacefully away. This is John's chance. He at once helps himself to the costly jewels, and then runs out to tell the police that there are burglars on the premises. I am not quite sure that it was sportsmanlike of him to go back on such good pals; but, of course, the surviving burglar had to be arrested somehow, if only to point the moral that the wages of sin is—chokey.



JUST THE THING

"I've written a sex drama that will make it necessary for you to disinfect the theatre after every performance"

By A. B. Walker

Then twenty years pass away. John has developed into a spy in the service of a foreign naval Power (Switzerland, no doubt), while the interval has been passed by the captured burglar in penal servitude. From this point onwards the play moves more rapidly, and the scenes follow one after the other in the manner of a cinematograph entertainment. The game now is to obtain the Sealed Orders which have been given to Admiral Lord Hugh Gaveston, and, as you can well understand, knowing the temper of Mr. Churchill's

Plausible Melodrama at the Lane

Sealed Orders, by Henry Hamilton and Cecil Raleigh, is a melodrama remarkable for two things. First, that there is no sickly sentimental hero nor outrageous villain in the piece, all the characters being free from exaggeration. Second, that there are a quite wonderful number of different scenes, ranging from a flower show at Chelsea to an Admiral's cabin on a battleship. There are any number of thrills, too, not excepting an exciting burglary perpetrated with the aid of an umbrella! Foreign spies, gambling dens, airships, and big guns, all help to make up an excellent evening's entertainment

BY NORMAN MORROW

navy, this is not going to be a very easy task. As usual, there is a woman in the case. Lady Gaveston, for instance, has debts; and she is persuaded that the best way of freeing herself from these tiresome incumbrances is to gamble for high stakes, especially as she is always so lucky at cards. So we pass from a flower show at Chelsea to a private gambling den in Wilton Square, and from thence to the Admiral's cabin on the battleship, and—a really gorgeous scene—the deck of the battleship itself. The excitement grows as the scenes change; and the curtain falls at the end of the third act on as fine a thrill as ever old Drury has supplied to its exacting patrons.

The last scene is right up-to-date. The foreign secret service agents having got the Sealed Orders propose to get out of the country with them by airship. But they reckoned without the good British navy, which is always a factor to be considered in cases of this kind. To say nothing of the ex-convict who is out for R-r-revenge! The airship has got no farther than mid-air (wherever that may be) when the new special 1913 perpendicular guns are trained on her, and she is caught by a shell just between the shoulders, as it were. The scene is most exciting; and the little gasps you hear about you as the catastrophe happens are clear evidence that the playgoing public have here a new thrill of exceptional merit. *Sealed Orders* ought easily to fill Drury Lane Theatre until pantomime time.

AN ANTI-MAN LEAGUE

"GIRLS" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE

This is a playful story showing how three nice girls formed a sort of Anti-Man League among themselves, and then got married and lived happily ever after. The idea is far from new, but some freshness is given to the treatment here by the clever representation of the characters. The chief of the Anti-Man League is Pamela Gordon, very adequately played by Miss Enid Bell, who manages for quite a while to convey the impression that she would be the last woman in the world to fall a victim to the snares of mere man. The girls share an apartment which they call their studio, and an interesting feature of the first act is the business of making beds out of complicated pieces of furniture. An additional attraction (to some people!) is the spectacle of the sweet girls trotting about the room in their nighties before the gas is finally put out; and altogether, although everybody knows quite well how it is going to develop, the story has many attractive and absorbing features. JINGLE

MATTERS MUSICAL

MUSIC AND MECHANICS

Phonographs

At the British Music Exhibition at Olympia last week competitors in the singing contests enjoyed what must have been a trying experience. Before the final test they were ushered into a room and made to sing into a phonograph; then their own voices were "faithfully reproduced," presumably for them to listen to—at least, so a morning contemporary informs us. So even the much-abused phonograph has its uses. For instance, with a fairly large experience of singers and singing, I venture to say that the phonograph may be of the greatest use in teaching people how to sing. In fact, the experiment at Olympia was quite on the right lines. For there is nothing like a phonograph to show up the defects of a voice. Indeed, only voices that are "produced" absolutely correctly and are right "forward," to use the professional jargon, sound well at all. The "cotton-woolly" or "tremolo" quality of a voice becomes magnified on a phonograph, and no amount of intellect or charm will help to disguise these physical defects. In short, phonographs are good for the voice and bad for temperament—which is an admirable corrective for that type of tiresome singers who are so temperamental that they do not even wish to have a good voice.

Piano-Players

From the strictly musical point of view there is, of course, far more to be said for the piano-player than the phonograph. I except, of course, the piano-players provided with rolls marked by some great artist and interpreted accordingly. These are just as mechanical as phonographs, and should the fashion of them develop one can foresee music ending in just such an *impasse* as does the drama in the charming *Harlequinade* at the St. James's. But, happily, there are others, where the interpretation depends entirely or, at any rate, mainly on the person manipulating the machine. I have heard most charming performances given in this manner. Especially I remember a symphony by Mozart and a whole evening devoted to Beethoven. I also have terrible recollections of Trinity Street at Cambridge and the awful trash, played at a terrific speed, that used to pour out of every other house to spoil a lovely summer evening. So one is driven to the conclusion that the piano-player is legitimate because it must always depend for its fulfilment on the artistic personality of its owner.

Easy Music

Of course, all these contrivances that make music easy are dangerous, because anything that tends to save labour at the expense of thought is bound to risk the ultimate atrophy of thought. But given keenness and a musical conscience I see a minimum of danger in the piano-player. Perhaps, however, I am prejudiced. For six years I had a flat under a lady who every morning practised *one* of Bach's "Well-Tempered Piano" fugues. For some people piano-players ought to be compulsory. FRANCIS TOYE

An End to His Antics Now?

A RUSSIAN CARICATURE OF THE RUSSIAN DANCER, NIJINSKY

Whose marriage is reported at Buenos Ayres to a young Hungarian dancer. We trust marriage will not rob the boards of the Russian Ballet of his faunishly fantastic presence

BY THE RUSSIAN CARICATURIST ANDR

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The "Wataeroadplane"

OTHERWISE A MACHINE IN ITS ELEMENT ON LAND, SEA, AND IN AIR

AS A ROAD VEHICLE

IN THE AIR

ON THE WATER

Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss, the American airman, has invented a craft adaptable to land, water, and air. The flying boat, as it is called, has the appearance of a miniature bi-plane affixed to a torpedo-shaped hull. Over the bow of the boat and extending back to the cockpit is a wind screen. The cockpit is 3ft. 6in. wide, allowing ample room for two persons. The flying boat is perfectly safe under any circumstances whatsoever. It can be flown in a gale of wind, is unsinkable, and can be beached in a heavy sea. Having discovered the "infallible" machine it only remains now for us to discover the "infallible" mind to control it

The Late Mr. Tinworth as a

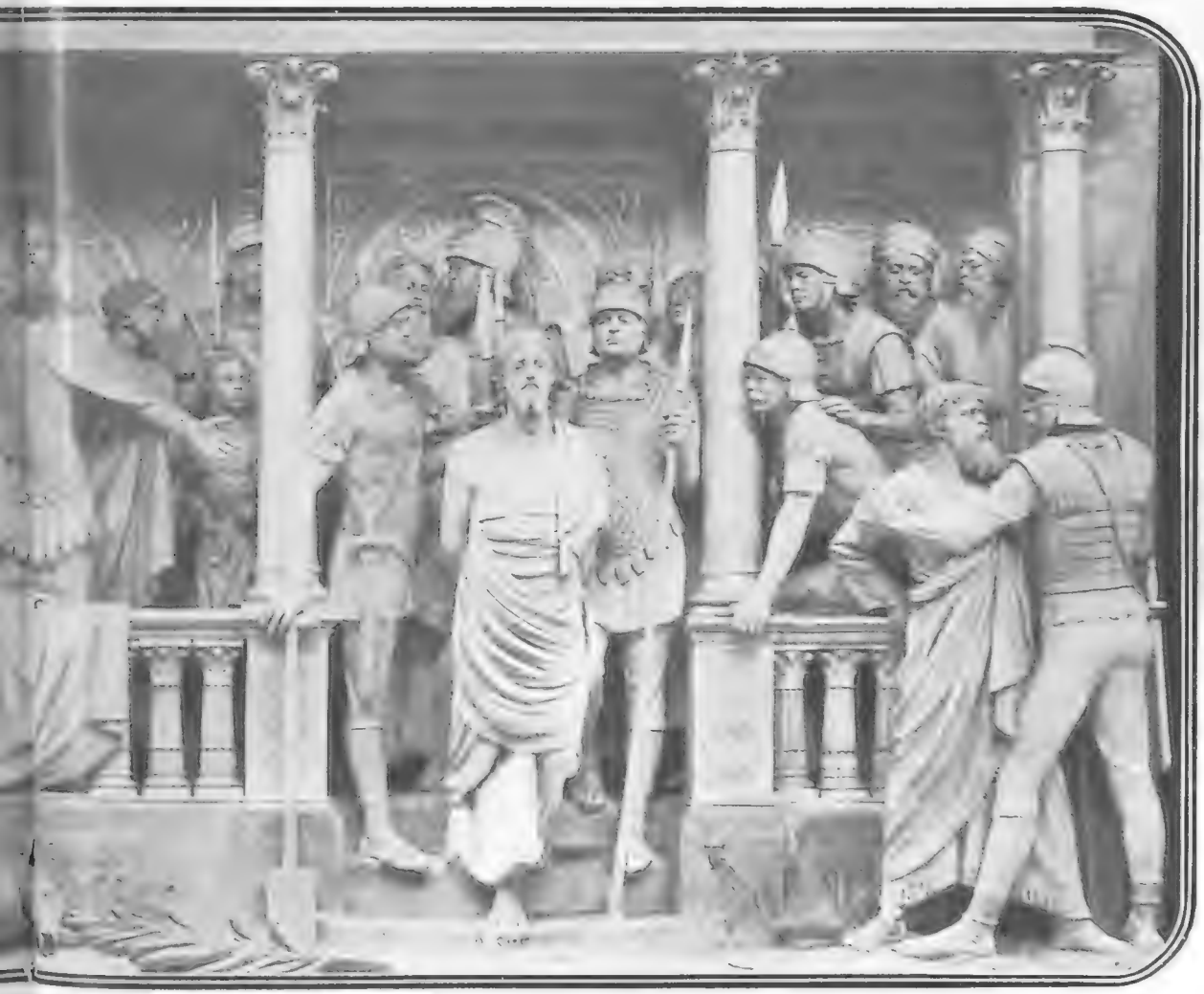
"THE TAKING OF SAMSO

"THE RELEASE

The two striking panels reproduced above are examples of the work of the late Mr. George Tinworth, who died recently. They represent "The Taking of Samson by the Philistines," and "The Release of Barabbas." Of a deeply religious turn of mind, the artist invariably sought inspiration in scenes and incidents from the New and Old Testaments.

a Sculptor of Scriptural Scenes

SON BY THE PHILISTINES"



E OF BARABBAS"

For years he worked for Sir Henry Doulton, of Lambeth Potteries fame. His creations are, generally speaking, impressive and dignified, among the best being the fountains and pulpits to be seen in many parts of the country

"Homeward at the Close of Day"

Photograph EVENTIDE ON THE CUMBERLAND FELLS *R. A. R. Bennett, M.A.*

The Bystander in PARIS

THE CITY OF DRESS-AS-YOU-PLEASE

The Aftermath

We were looking over some photographs of Ver. We had just come to the conclusion that there is only one thing worse, immediately after one gets back from a holiday, than a fine day which makes one regret it, and that is a wet one, which makes one hate work. It was a beastly wet day, and here was a photo of me in shrimping and lobster-catching kit, with the glorious sun in my eyes. When we had finished swearing at the rain, the other fellow remarked, looking at the photo: "Well, there's one thing! I'll bet you anything your soul longs for that you won't go downstairs and walk five hundred yards along the streets of Paris in that kit."

A Parisian Peculiarity

If the weather had been finer, I believe I would have taken the bet, and if I had owned a little more moral courage I could have won it easily, too. For Paris has one peculiarity which is entirely unlike anything observable in any other big town. You may dress as you like and go where you like in the costume, and it is all odds to a ripe green fig that you will not attract any attention. I remember years ago, one wet Sunday in a café in the Latin Quarter, that this question came up, and was clinched on the spot for a bet. The man who won was named Mayer. He had nothing whatever to do with a pearl necklace, of which there has been some little mention in the Press of late. He was a black-and-white artist by profession, an American-German or German-American by birth and right of residence, a citizen of the world for choice. I wonder what has become of him. Nobody has seen anything or heard anything of him for a dog's age.

Worm-Eye Mayer

He was well-known in the world of journalism once as the designer of a weird series of pictures which appeared in a weekly paper in London and other papers in America and elsewhere, and delighted us with a "Worm's Eye View of the Happenings on Earth." Well, worm-eye Mayer had noticed, he said, that you could wear anything in Paris without attracting attention, and he was promptly offered a champagne dinner if he would walk from the Latin Quarter to Montmartre in crash towelling to prove it. He did. He was a fat man with gold-rimmed eyeglasses, but he rolled his body in one bath-towel, his head in another, put bath slippers on his bare feet, and won his champagne.

Photograph *Félix*

MLLE. MILZETTE

One of the many taking little ladies who are "taking" just now in Montmartre variety shows. She "takes" with us because of the taking clothes she wears

The only people who spoke to him or made remarks about him on the way were two American women, who pointed him out to each other as an Arab peanut-seller, and who were startled considerably when the "Arab" yelled in German United States "Bea-nud seller! Selling nodings! I'm puying chambagne on dis drib!"

At St. Enogat

And talk of bath-towels and shrimps just reminds me. At St. Enogat, a tiny townlet with a large-sized beach, a small striped tent protects a family of two from the wind when it blows from an inclement quarter. The wife is elderly and plump—a bustling little body and exceptionally talkative. The husband is a melancholy man, several years younger than his wife, who paints pictures of the sea while his wife reads the newspaper of yesterday, and insists on telling him the news. (A habit which is, by the way, one of the extra reasons for divorce which I should like to see inserted in the marriage laws.)

Heroes and Heroines

On Sundays their daughter, who is, St. Enogat says, a governess in Paris somewhere, joins her parents for the day. St. Enogat told me, when I noticed the sad little trio under the striped tent, that they were Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Renard. A foxy name, was it not? For the elderly lady whose activity prevents her from keeping the news and newspapers to herself is no less a personage than Madame Thérèse Humbert, while the painter is Frederic, her husband. The heroes and heroines of great trials are as difficult to trace as the old mo[illegible]. But when one has seen most [illegible] trials of recent years it is often a trifle startling to meet their central figure unexpectedly. I ran into Alfred Dreyfus in Paris at a bicycle race the other day. Not a soul had recognised him among the thousands present. And some months ago I picked up a lady's fan at Enghien in the gambling-rooms, and when she smiled her thanks I found myself looking into the steely eyes of Madame Syveton, the heroine of one of the greatest of Paris scandals of my day.

A Modern President

President Poincaré has a pretty turn of epigram sometimes, and I often regret that the protocol refuses to allow the publication of some of the best things he says. Soon after his election someone asked the President what his conception of his duties was. "I'm a commercial traveller for France," he said. He acts on his epigram, too, For since he has been at the Elysée M. Poincaré has steadily refused to take any notice of party politics—"I know nothing of Radicals or Socialists," he says, "I know of France and of Frenchmen, that's all."

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander in Moscow

ANGLO-RUSSIAN RECIPROCITY

The Season Begun

Madame Geltzer has returned to Moscow. The last coat of plaster has been put on several hundred new cardboard houses. (Russia is famous for her building scandals.) The policemen have been given a bath, and have changed into their winter garb. The Kuznetsky Most is crowded with an army of sleek, dark-haired decadents—the Dorian Grays of Russia. By these tokens we know that the season has begun.

Items Theatrical

There is great activity in all the theatres. In this land of theatre-lovers theatrical managers are persons of considerable importance, and, strange to say, even of considerable wealth. We are promised several novelties this winter, including a new setting of Tchaikovsky's ballet, *Shtshelkountshik* and a piece by Dostoevsky at the Art Theatre. *The Yellow Jacket* is also to try its luck in the land of the Tsar. The Art Theatre is negotiating about a visit to London next season, and Lord Howard de Walden is said to be interesting himself in the venture. I hear, however, that English managers are dead against another Russian invasion. Sir Herbert scents a possible rival in the much-worshipped Stanislavsky, while Mr. Granville Barker fears that, if once an English audience sees what stage realism really is, his own theatre will be empty. Personally, great admirer as I am of Messrs. Stanislavsky and Danchenko and their famous theatre, I am inclined to think that their success in England will not be on anything like the same scale as that of the Russian dancers. Opera, and a distinctly material ballet, are one thing and serious drama another. The English audience likes its dinner and its supper, and the repertory of the Art Theatre is long and serious. At any rate, English managers have a just grievance against the all-conquering foreigner, and it certainly cannot be pleasant to see so much theatrical money finding its way to Petersburg and Moscow. While on this subject I may mention that success abroad seems to have a most unfavourable influence on Russian *ballerinas*. Apropos of the Pavlova-Novikoff incident, Russian male dancers have determined on a boycott of the graceful dancer.

VERY ANGLEESKY.
Or the Russian's "flattering" view of the Englishman
By Andr

Mordkin's comment on the matter was brief and to the point: an inimitable pirouette, an excited flourish of the arms, and the terse exclamation "impossible woman!"

English Influence

Fewer English visitors than usual seem to have found their way to Russia this summer. English influence, however, is powerful in the land, and in this respect it is pleasing to note that we are getting some return for our Russian imports at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. In literature, Oscar Wilde, H. G. Wells, and Jack London provide the food for the soul of the emotional Muscovite, and Dorian Gray is the Bible of the young intellectual. The works of Wilde sell in thousands, and a theatrical season never passes without the representation of at least one of his plays. Unfortunately, the proceeds all go to the benefit of the translator, and a literary convention is sorely needed.

Fashions

Three or four years ago the Russian was the worst-dressed man in the world. To-day, Dorian Gray and the commercial gentleman from abroad have changed all this. Every self-respecting Russian is now dressed *po-angleesky*. This means that he goes abroad in a pair of villainous American shoes, trousers turned up at least four inches, and often ornamented with a button on the side, a flaming low-cut waistcoat showing a large expanse of shirt and tie, and a coat reaching nearly to the knees with lapels and a slit-up the back as long as a lamp-post. A pair of vivid-coloured gloves and a wrist-watch as large as a bedroom clock complete the correctness of the outfit. My Russian friends assure me that this is the latest from England, and far be it from me to deny its effectiveness. The strange thing is that in Petersburg and Moscow there is quite a colony of English cutters. Perhaps a high sense of patriotism prevents them from selling their secrets to the foreigner, or has the joy of being suddenly let loose as dictators of fashion been too much for them?

Sport

As all the world knows, Russia has now its Department of Sport, and Olympic Committees are much in evidence. Association football, introduced, of course, by the resident English, has obtained a great hold on the popularity of the Russian people, and is seriously spoken of as a beneficial antidote to revolutionary tendencies.

Jean D'Auvergne

A Moving Picture

EXCLUSIVE TO THE OWL'S CINEMA

BY HARRY ROUNTREE

"Joseph and His Brethren"

A POST-IMPRESSION AT HIS MAJESTY'S

ACT I.: *The Coming of Age Party.*

SCENE I.: *The Tents of Shechem*

1ST SLAVE: Will you shatter the dawn with your ram's horn?

2ND SLAVE: I did but blow the signal. It was pitch dark when the curtain rose, and, lo! now it is broad daylight.

[*Enter* THE SONS OF JACOB]

ASHER: Brothers, great news! A band of strangers are bearing treasure down to Egypt. They will be at Dothan to-night.

SIMEON: We will go there. It will mean good business.

REUBEN: Silence!—our father!

[*Enter* JACOB AND HIS WIVES]

JACOB: To-day is a day of joy, for Joseph has come to man's estate.

SIMEON: I think he ought to be here with us.

RACHEL: Shall Bilhah's sons speak thus of Joseph?

SPECTATOR: You don't mean to say those elderly gentlemen are Bilhah's sons! Why, she looks about twenty-five.

JACOB: Now come all of you and wish Joseph many happy returns of the day.

[JOSEPH *enters. They all do so, after the usual delay by* SIMEON, *the villain, who gets in a nasty double entente.*]

THE BROTHERS: Well, we're off to Dothan. [*Exeunt.*]

JACOB (*after a pause*): Joseph. Your brothers have not gone three minutes, but go along after them, and see if all is well with them. [*Exit* JOSEPH.]

SCENE II.: *Dothan Wells Station* (*Nineveh and Egypt Main Line*)

LEVI: Gad, there comes JOSEPH. Look at that speck on the desert. (*He points off* R.)

SIMEON: We must do him in somehow. Reuben, you'd better go and meet the caravan.

REUBEN: I will go. [*Exit* R.]

SPECTATOR: But if he goes off that side he'll meet Joseph. The caravan's coming the other way.

THE PLAYERS: Mind your own business.

[*Enter* JOSEPH R.]

JOSEPH: I have found you. Give me a drink.

SIMEON: There is a well there. (*Aside to others.*) Let us put him in the Underground—the well, I mean.

JOSEPH (*alarmed*): Reuben, Reuben!

(*They seize him and drop him down the well.*)

SIMEON: Stand clear of the gates!

[*Enter the* CARAVAN.]

LEVI: Whom have you got in the Sedan chair?

EGYPTIAN: Potiphar's *fiancée*, Zuleika.

SPECTATOR: Here, how does Mr. Parker know her name?

THE PLAYERS: He doesn't, so he took a tip from Shakespeare; it's short for "As you like her." (*Joseph is heard singing.*)

ZULEIKA: There's someone in the well. Fetch him out. (*They do so.*) What a nice boy! We'll take him as a present to Potiphar. [*Exeunt Egyptians with Joseph.*]

JUDAH: What story shall we tell our father?

SIMEON: Are there no lions in Dothan? Ha, ha!

GAD: No, but we could borrow one from the St. James's.

SCENE III.: *The Eisteddfod in Jacob's Tent*

JACOB: It is Joseph's birthday party. I will be the Archdruid and sing to the harp.

ALL: Speak, oh Israel.

JACOB: Very well, then, I will speak it instead, and give a twang now and then. (*Does so. Thunder and lightning.*)

1ST STALL: What a terrific storm.

2ND STALL: Yes, and isn't it clever how they make the lightning flash on Jacob every time?

* * *

ACT II.: *The Temptress and the Interrupted Honeymoon.*

SCENE I.: *Potiphar's House. Enter the Chief Butler.*

BUTLER: I am very sorry, Potiphar, but Pharaoh says you must go to the wars to-night.

POTIPHAR: How inconsiderate of him. Very well. Here, Joseph. I leave you in charge of everything, including Zuleika. [*Exit.*]

JOSEPH: Well, I'm going on guard.

ZULEIKA: Don't go, I'm so lonely, come and sit here.

JOSEPH (*sitting*): This incense, this room, this love potion; it is intoxicating; you're a minx.

ZULEIKA: Oh, Joe! Joe! (*She takes his hand.*)

JOSEPH: Unhand me, maiden! I must go into the garden; it is too warm in here. (*He bolts.*)

ZULEIKA: He loves another. I will be horribly revenged. Ha, ha!

SCENE II.: *Potiphar's Garden. Asenath meets Joseph.*

ASENATH: Radiant and strong art thou. . . .

JOSEPH: Radiant and fair art thou. . . .

SPECTATOR: Yes, *too* fair for an Egyptian, but why all this love-making?

JOSEPH: Because you can't have a play without a love interest. (*To Asenath.*) Beloved, to-morrow I shall be free, and will call on your father.

ASENATH: My father is a hard man, and wants me to marry the Chief Baker.

JOSEPH: That fatty! But see, he comes. (*They dissemble.*)

CHIEF BAKER (*to friend*): I've plotted to poison Pharaoh.

SPECTATOR: This is quite new. How did——

BAKER: You *must* have a motive, otherwise why should I be hanged?

SPECTATOR: But where's the Chief Butler?

BAKER: Why, you idiot, I shall get him falsely accused, and that will account for his being let off.

* * *

ACT III.: *The Cat and Mouse*

SCENE I.: *The Prison*

GAOLER (*to Butler and Baker*): You are to go to the Palace for your trial.

JOSEPH: You see your dreams have come true.

SPECTATOR: But you said three days, and it's not three minutes. (*Zuleika enters.*) Hullo! How is *she* here?

ZULEIKA: You forget I'm the villainess. (*To Gaoler.*) I know it's not in the original, but put him in the Black Hole. (*The lid is removed.*) Rot there, Joseph, knowing Asenath thinks you a traitor. Ha, ha!

JOSEPH: It sounds a priggish thing to say, but I really pity you. (*He goes down the trap.*)

SCENE II.: *Pharaoh's Palace*

CHIEF BUTLER: The only man to interpret your dreams your Majesty, is Joseph, who has been two years in the Black Hole.

PHARAOH: Fetch him here and give us a dance meanwhile. (*A dance. Joseph enters beautifully shaved, and tells Pharaoh his dreams.*)

PHARAOH: But how do I know you're right?

JOSEPH: You're expecting news. It's a boy!

SPECTATOR: Here, where are we getting to?

JOSEPH: Don't interrupt.

MESSENGER (*rushing in*): Fine boy, your Majesty, mother and child both doing well.

SPECTATOR: !!!!!

PHARAOH: It's wonderful, but what's that music?

HIGH PRIEST: That's my daughter, Asenath, getting her to a nunnery.

JOSEPH: Asenath in a monkery. Oh! Oh!!

PHARAOH: Bring her in, and we'll have a wedding.

* * *

ACT IV.: *Corn in Egypt, Dark, Late Comers, Corns in Stalls, etc.*

SCENE III.: *The Pyramid*

POTIPHAR (*to slaves*): Have you the irons ready to put out her eyes?

SPECTATOR: Which is Hubert?

POTIPHAR: Hubert?

SPECTATOR: Yes. This is a bit of "King John," isn't it? It's not in Genesis anyhow.

POTIPHAR: No, but we're just going to put out Zulcika's eyes. Poetic justice, you know.

SPECTATOR: Well, I think it's unnecessary. I'm going out for a whisky-and-soda. I'll come back after the shriek.

POTIPHAR: All right. You'll hear it in the bar.

SCENE IV.: *Joseph's House*

JOSEPH: Have you brought Benjamin?

JUDAH: We have, my lord.

SPECTATOR: But that boy's not a day more than eight, and . . .

JOSEPH: Peace Well, as you've had dinner you'd better go. The cup's in the sack, so I'll miss it at once. (*Biz*)

SPECTATOR: But in the . . .

JOSEPH: I know, but it's eleven o'clock. (*To his brothers.*) I am Joseph. See, I am in the same clothes I wore at Dothan. (*He casts off his robe.*)

SPECTATOR: But they were in rags in the prison.

JOSEPH: We've only got ten minutes, brethren, so I've sent for Jacob to save time. Here he is!

[*Enter Sir Jacob on the shoulders of slaves. Long beard, long speech, trumpets, and curtain.*]

HARFORD WORLOCK

OF THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE

A niece of Francisco Ferrer, the Spanish revolutionary leader, whose execution on a charge of treason excited so much attention some time ago. When a bouquet was sent round to her at the Odéon Theatre in Paris by the King of Spain some twelve months ago, Carmelita Ferrer, faithful to her uncle's memory, returned it. She is a wonderfully dainty exponent of old Spanish folk-dances, which she executes in the ordinary garb of a Toreador, as seen above

BY NORMAN MORROW

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories

THE ACID TEST

BY MAX RITTENBERG

(Author of "Swirling Waters," "The Mind Reader," "The Cockatoo," etc.)

"WHEN," asked Gresham, "are you two going to bolt?"

It was a quiet little Sunday evening dinner of three—Gresham, a barrister of thirty-eight, his young wife, and Gilbert Fanning, a matinée idol. Coffee and liqueurs were on the table; the servants had withdrawn.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Fanning. "Whatever put such a notion into your head?"

Rose sat very still. She had been about to take up her glass of Bénédictine, but the action died away.

Gresham set light to his cigarette with a steady hand before replying.

"The Post Office people," he said, "omitted to put 'Mrs.' before 'Gresham' on a telegram you sent to Rose. I opened it."

Fanning forced a laugh. "That's too ridiculous! Of course, my telegram might be misconstrued, but you ought to know me well enough by now to——"

"I think I do," said Gresham.

Rose suddenly brushed aside all subterfuge.

"I can't stand things any longer!" she burst forth. "I'm glad you know. I love Gilbert, and I'd go to the ends of the world with him!"

"I suggested this dinner," answered her husband evenly, "so that we could discuss the matter calmly and dispassionately. I had suspected the state of your feelings for some weeks past. It's better for all of us to be frank and open. If you feel, as you say, Rose, then there can be no gain in keeping up an artificial situation. As things are, our marriage is no marriage. We must separate."

Fanning resented this quietness on the part of his host. He could have met anger, vituperation, bluster or threats, but this quietness in some way made him feel small.

"One can't fight against the big currents of life," he protested. "Rose and I have suffered tortures in trying to beat out our love. You can't realise what we've gone through. It was a hopeless struggle. Nature is silk and steel. She brought Rose to me. It was ordained. I fought; I was beaten; I acknowledge it."

"Agreed," said Gresham. "Then let's discuss the practical end. When are you going to elope?"

"We were not going to run away," answered Rose, hesitatingly.

"But that's not fair to me. Either you are my wife or not my wife. If you remain in my house, you tacitly acknowledge that you owe me some duty—some respect, let us say, to your marriage vows."

"I've not broken my vows!"

"Not yet," amended her husband. "But this artificial situation can't continue. You must choose between us. There can be no middle course—or, at least, no middle course that I will countenance."

"Then I chose Gilbert!" She pushed back her chair and, quivering, went to stand by the fireplace.

Gresham turned his seat so that he could view them both.

"And you are agreeable to marry Rose—after the divorce?" he asked of Fanning.

"Naturally!" The answer came crisp because Fanning had prepared for it.

"Good. Then it only remains to settle how the divorce is to be obtained."

Rose flung out: "I can't stand the cold-blooded way you look at the matter! Why don't you get angry? One would think you were settling the transfer of a house!"

"I see no reason for getting angry. Fanning has explained that he and you were drawn together irresistibly. Nature has been too strong for you. It's not your fault; it's not his fault. I realise your

THE SERVANT QUESTION SOLVED!
BROWN'S NEW PIANO GENERAL

By E. H. H. Bruce

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A letter from

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"Now that the light is installed, and the contract practically completed, I should like to say how very pleased we are with the way in which the whole thing has been done. We are greatly indebted to Mr. —— for the way in which he advised and threw our requirements into shape, and the interest he has shown in getting things just right. As for the work itself, we have been more than pleased with the quiet, efficient way in which the foreman, Mr. —— carried out the scheme. He was always most obliging and helpful, and there was never any atom of trouble in the house at any time. We are altogether satisfied with the result so far as non-experts may judge."

A letter from

The Most Hon.
THE MARCHIONESS OF SLIGO,
82, Eaton Square,
S.W.

"I have much pleasure in saying that I am thoroughly satisfied with the Installation of Electric Light that you put up at MOUNT BROWNE, GUILDFORD for me. I have used the light for two years and have had no trouble with it. I found your workman very civil and careful and they spoiled nothing."

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points of view. I must make the best of it."

He waited for Fanning to take up the word. There was silence for some moments.

"Well?" asked Gresham.

"We'll go away together—on the Continent somewhere. I'll let the suit go undefended."

"When?"

"Of course I'm tied until the run of the play ends."

"When will it end?"

"It's difficult to say. In three weeks' or a month's time, I should judge."

"And meanwhile?"

"Things must remain as they are, I suppose."

"What's your income?" asked Gresham.

"What's that to do with you?" retorted Fanning.

"I'd like to be sure that you could give Rose everything she wants."

"She shall have everything she wants."

"Will you settle, say, twenty thousand on her."

"Stop!" cried Rose.

"No," said Gresham, firmly. "This is my affair. I want to have your future made comfortable."

"I refuse to answer questions of that sort!" returned Fanning heatedly.

"Then I must conclude that your financial position is not brilliant."

"This isn't a question of money! It's love."

"Still, Rose has become accustomed to a certain style of living. I'd like to know that you could give her what I've given her. Otherwise . . . . ." He paused.

"You mean," suggested Fanning, "that you won't divorce your wife unless you consider my income sufficient?"

"No—you mistake my meaning. If Rose wants a divorce, she shall have it. My meaning was this: if your income is insufficient, I'm ready to make a settlement on her."

Again there was silence in that pleasantly comfortable dining-room. Gresham took out a fresh cigarette from his case. Fanning twirled his liqueur-glass, looking into the amber liquid, frowningly. He had become so accustomed to playing the hero in full limelight that the present situation made him keenly resentful.

Rose stood still, looking from one man to the other.

"I—we—can't take your money," said Fanning at length.

"That's a self-respecting attitude on your part. Still, we must look at the matter from Rosie's point of view as well as your own. We both want to see her comfortable and happy."

Fanning looked towards the woman at the fireside as though to seek her answer. But Rose remained strangely silent.

"I expect my income will be sufficient," said he curtly.

"The next point is this," continued Gresham, in the same dispassionate tone. "If you and Rose run away together, it won't affect your reputation, but it will certainly blacken hers. The divorce court in such circumstances leaves an ugly mark on a woman."

"I'm prepared for that," interjected his wife.

"And further, it would mean that the courts would keep Winnie away from you. So my suggestion is to reverse the order of procedure."

Gresham produced from his pocket a couple of tickets.

"These are two tickets for Paris. I have arranged to meet a lady at Victoria for the eleven o'clock train. We shall travel together and put up at the Hotel Windsor, registering in the names of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens. I will ask you not to enquire her real name. It need not come out in court. As for the other legal requirement of technical cruelty, that can easily be managed. Do you agree?"

He looked from Fanning to his wife and back again.

"I don't agree," answered Fanning shortly.

"Why not?"

"I prefer to shoulder the blame myself."

"For you the blame will be negligible. It's Rose we have to think of."

"I won't agree," repeated Fanning with weak obstinacy. The way in which the situation was developing irritated him almost beyond endurance.

"Why not?" persisted Gresham with that same quiet manner, in which he laid bare the soul of many a man in the witness-box.

"It's not—not playing the game."

"Which game?"

"We've said enough! Let it end! Rose and I love one another. Nothing else matters!"

"Nothing, except her reputation and her eventual happiness."

"If you think a bluff of this crude sort will win back your wife," retorted Fanning angrily, "you're very greatly mistaken!"

Gresham looked at his watch. "I'd better go up now and pack," he said. "Rose, you'll excuse me."

He left them together and went to his room.

When he returned, a quarter of an hour later, they were seated on either side of the fireplace, constrained and ill at ease.

Gresham held out his hand to his wife. "I'll say good-bye."

She took his hand mechanically.

"I can't pretend to offer my hand to you," said he to Fanning. "You were the friend of the house—my friend as well as my wife's friend. You might perhaps have remembered that. Still, it's not for me to judge. Nature was too strong for you. I only ask you this: be good to Rose."

"I'll be a thousand times better to her than you have ever been! I'll make her life ideal! I'll——" He stopped for want of definite matters to promise.

"Be good to Rose," repeated Gresham, and with that he left.

. . . . . .

On the way to Victoria Station Gresham tore up one of the two tickets, and threw the pieces outside the window of the cab.

No one met him at the station. He travelled over to Paris alone.

All through the night he lay awake, sick at heart, feverishly restless. The self-restraint of that long hour in the dining-room, when he was fighting for his wife's love with the weapons of his lifetime's training, had utterly left him.

At Paris, in the pitiless light of the early morning, he looked ten years older.

He drove straight to the Windsor and registered as "Mr. Stevens." "Mrs. Stevens may join me to-morrow," he told the clerk.

An hour later, a *chasseur* knocked at his bedroom door.

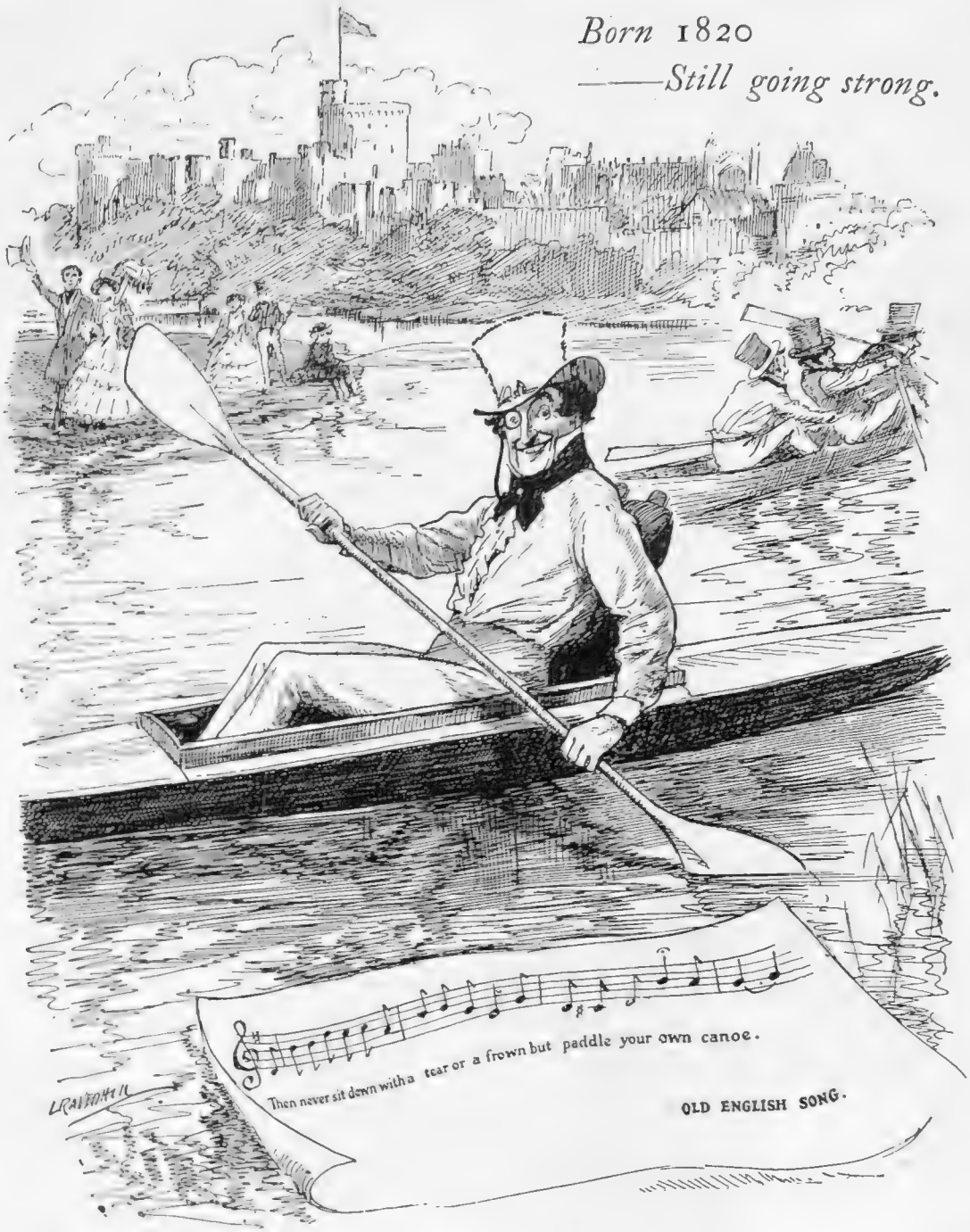
"Entrez."

The boy held out a telegram on a salver.

Gresham waited until he had left the room before opening the envelope.

"Come back," was the message.

Then Gresham broke down, crying like a woman. MAX RITTENBERG



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A GENERAL VIEW OF MONTREUX, SHOWING THE LAKE OF GENEVA

The Traveller at Montreux

Winter Popularity

I was not surprised, when I saw Montreux for the first time the other day, at its popularity with my compatriots, especially in winter time. Tucked away, as it is, at the further end of Lake Leman, or the Lake of Geneva, if you prefer it, it is a veritable sun-trap, and quite deserves to be called a Riviera, for while, of course, it is not a "land of perpetual spring," its climate is anything but rigorous, and the snow when it makes its rare appearances disappears almost as soon as it arrives. Then Montreux is so eminently get-at-able, for it is within half an hour of Lausanne and an hour and a half of Geneva, while the altogether admirable Montreux-Oberland Railway keeps it in close touch with Interlaken.

The Beauty of the Lake

No one can deny Montreux its beauty. From my hotel window Chillon smiled at me of a morning and frowned at me at night, while in the background the Dents du Mid showed their snowy teeth, the grim mountain-sides contrasting sharply with the green vineyards below. Then the lake when it is not pure blue is blue-green, with its surface only darkened at nightfall or when the quaintly rigged lake-craft cast their shadows. Moreover Montreux, nest of hotels though it is, has been so built as not to jar; indeed, its hotels, "palaces" though some of them really are, seem to tune in with the landscape. There is, in fact, nothing about Montreux that is too obtrusive. It is what a lakeside town should be—bright and gay and prosperous. But there is nothing about it to hurt the eye.

THE ROYAL HOTEL AND WINTER PALACE, GSTAAD
Which have only recently been completed. Gstaad is on the Montreux-Oberland line and is a growing centre for winter sport

"Le Montreux Chic"

The life of Montreux, so far as I could see, is to be found in the big hotels — the Montreux Palace, a magnificent place with every imaginable "comfort" an *hôtelier* could devise, and the Grand Hotel at Territêt. There is a kursaal, and a very fine kursaal, too, but it is not there that you will necessarily find *le Montreux chic*. That body, which in winter time is very largely made up of Anglo-Saxons, meets either in the hotel ballrooms, on the tennis courts, or, when the snow permits, at Caux or Les Avants, which lie above the "Swiss Riviera," and are so easily reached, like everything else in Switzerland, by train. Apropos of which a Swiss gentleman very much in the know informed me that a halt has now been called so far as the building of railways and *funiculaires*, etc., etc., is concerned. "It has been overdone," he informed me, "and consequently it will be done no more." Which is good news for those who feared that Switzerland was going to be irretrievably spoiled

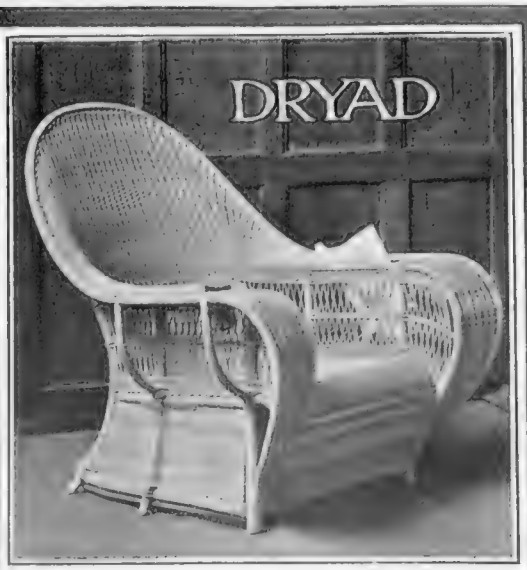
An Ideal Spot

Montreux seems to me the ideal spot for those who want a mixed holiday in winter, for the moment they are weary of the gaieties of the Swiss Riviera the Montreux-Oberland Railway will take them in a very short while to where the best of winter sports are to be had. Chateau d'Oex is within quite easy reach and just beyond is a place which, in my opinion, has a very big future in front of it—Gstaad, a little village set in the midst of typical Bernese Oberland scenery, with every possible facility for winter sport. Hitherto Gstaad has scarcely been prominent, but the building of a new and magnificent hotel will change all this, and I shall not be surprised to see the place turn into another St. Moritz.

The Enterprising Swiss

I went all over this new Royal Hotel and Winter Palace at Gstaad the other afternoon after a wonderful journey from Montreux, and I came away amazed at the enterprise of the Swiss. A village of, perhaps, 800 inhabitants with an hotel which for comfort and luxury will have nothing in London to beat it! Bathrooms to nearly every bedroom, balconies everywhere, hot and cold running water in every room, an American bar, a ballroom, electric light everywhere, of course, a shooting gallery, a billiard-room, a huge skating rink, etc., etc., etc. I was positively bewildered by all the advantages this hotel seemed to possess. It is to open on December 1, and half the rooms are booked already. Gstaad and the new Winter Palace are certainly worth noting by those who are puzzled as to where to winter-sport. The new hotel will, of course, not be for those with whom economy is of paramount importance, but there are several other smaller hotels, at which one can do oneself very well for from about 8 fr. per day.

THE TRAVELLER



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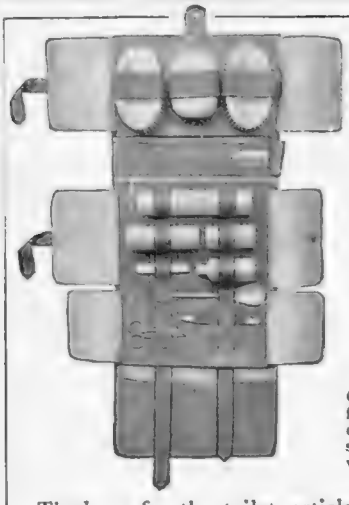

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SPORTS and PASTIMES

GOLF

Opening of the St. George's Hill Golf Club

I have much pleasure in stating that the St. George's Hill (Weybridge) Course will be formally opened on October 2. It will be remembered that there was a "private view" of this course last autumn, and that those who were invited to inspect it were most favourably impressed with its promise. Promise is now to be turned into performance, and I have no doubt that we shall find that Mr. Colt's right hand has not lost its cunning in the designing of the course. A select party of eminent golfers, including Taylor, Braid, Duncan, Herd, Sherlock, and other prominent players, are to compete in the morning for handsome prizes presented by the club. I am delighted to see that Abe Mitchell is to make his professional début at this meeting, and it will be interesting to note how he shapes in the august company in which he will find himself. In the afternoon the twelve professionals will be matched in foursomes against a team of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, the amateur couples receiving a start of two holes up from their opponents. Mr. Horace Hutchinson, as Captain of the Club, will open the course at 10 a.m. by driving the first ball, and I rejoice at this fact as evidence of his recovered health and strength. The new course will thus have a most searching test on its opening day, and the meeting should be a most interesting one.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

This interesting group shows (from left to right) Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot, and Captain Eric R. C. Back. When the two last-named were officers together on the "Warspite," in 1893, of which Admiral Meux was then captain, they arranged to run a race of 100 yards in twenty years time in whatever part of the world they might be. The race was run last week and was won by the Captain by a yard

The South of Ireland Championship at Lahinch

This popular meeting followed close on the heels of the Open Irish Amateur event, and attracted a fine field, though neither Mr. Palmer, Mr. Munn, or Mr. Gordon Lockhart competed. In their absence Mr. Cairnes was the most outstanding figure, and shaped well till he met his fate at the hands of Mr. Jennings in the semi-final. Mr. Jennings hails from Cork, and must be a strong player to beat Mr. Cairnes by the large margin of six and five. In the final Mr. A. W. Murray, the well-known Purley Downs player, beat Mr. Jennings by two and one after a very close and exciting tussle in which either man might have won.

Michael Moran's Latest Feat

While I am on the subject of Irish golf I must record the fact that Michael Moran, the splendid little Irish champion, qualified for the one place in the *News of the World* tournament allotted to the Irish section by returning the best score at Newcastle, Co. Down, his aggregate being 152 (77 plus 75), P. O'Hare, who seems his most serious rival just now, being second with 154. Moran should give a good account of himself in the tournament, and might well win, more particularly as Vardon and Ray are absent from the competition this year.

Mr. Hiltons' Form at Westward Ho!

Mr. Hilton, who since the Open Championship has played no serious golf, has been performing like a lion refreshed at the recent meeting of the Royal North Devon Club. Practically he has swept the board, and *inter alia* in winning the Kashmir Cup lowered the record of the course by two strokes by returning a morning round of 74. He was still going great guns in the afternoon, for he took the first nine holes in thirty-eight, thus having twenty-seven holes in four over fours, a magnificent performance. But he came to grief in the homeward half, and so spoilt the chance of another record round. In the Schoolmaster's Cup, with the heavy penalty of five, he survived to the fifth round, while he finished up in a blaze by winning the Silver Club Medal of the autumn meeting with a 79, and won the Lind testimonial for the lowest aggregate scratch score of the two medal days with 79 and 79. It is evident, therefore, that Mr. Hilton has recovered from the strained muscle which hampered him in the Open Championship, and that he has regained the form of the final of the Amateur Championship.

ERNEST LEHMANN

(*Continued on page 691*)

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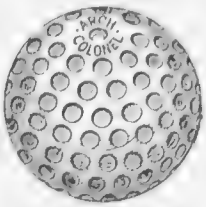

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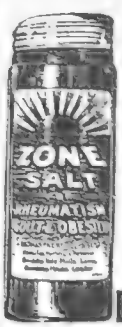

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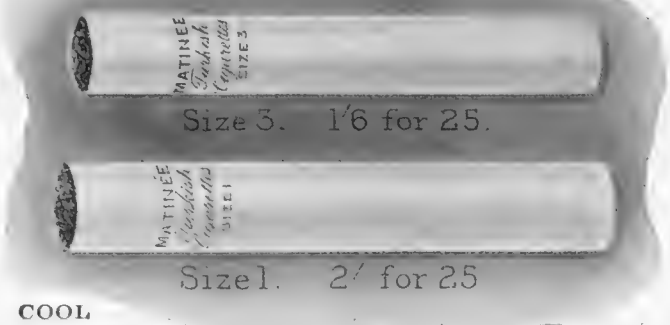

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LAWN TENNIS

The Busiest Season on Record

The busiest season in the whole history of the game practically came to an end last week. I said something in these pages a short while back as to the various reasons which have combined to produce this extraordinary boom, so that I need do no more now than recapitulate the more salient of them. Foremost, I place the realisation by the public at large that tennis is one of the best games in the world to watch, which has acted as a strong tonic to the game and increased the number and keenness of its devotees; secondly, we have had a season of remarkably favourable weather, following one of the worst on record, which has again made for increased activity all round; and, lastly, we have had that series of Homeric battles, mostly at Wimbledon and also elsewhere, in the World's Championships and the Davis Cup Competition. These have helped to give greater publicity to the game and to inspire even the humblest "pat-baller" with the desire to emulate the doughty deeds of the heroes who took part in them.

What of the Future?

We may not have quite such a big year next year, but there is no fear of anything like a slump. My own opinion is that the game will continue to forge ahead, and that each year will find it more and more firmly established as the universal game. It has got such a firm hold on the affections of its legions of followers that nothing short of the discovery of a still better game for the average man and woman can hurt it. And such a game will take a bit of finding.

The Triumvirate

The struggle for supremacy among the leading players has been absorbingly interesting, and many of us, even after Christmas has come and gone, will still be discussing the relative merits of Parke, the Irishman; McLoughlin, the American; and Wilding, the New Zealander. There is, of course, no getting away from the fact that Wilding is World's Champion, but apart from that I personally regard him as the greatest player of the year. He was beaten by Parke at the Northern meeting (before Wimbledon), and they have not met since; had they met I think Wilding, playing as he played against McLoughlin at Wimbledon, would have been able to reverse that result. McLoughlin beat Parke in the Championship, but was beaten by him in the Davis Cup. Had they met a third time the result would undoubtedly have been a toss-up. Wilding beat McLoughlin at Wimbledon, and, I think, beat him decisively enough to indicate that he could do it again if tuned up to the same pitch of all-round perfection. We have all heard of the triumvirate in golf. This season has witnessed the establishment of a triumvirate in lawn tennis; Wilding, McLoughlin, and Parke are, as the saying goes, in a class by themselves.

H.S.S.

A VOLENDAM LOVE IDYLL

A touching scene witnessed recently at Volendam on the Zuyder Zee. For the sake of romance we call it a love idyll, but this is doubtful. It is hardly likely that Cupid would tolerate the presence of the third person seen in the picture, not to say that of the wily photographer himself

"Fugitive" Thoughts at the Court Theatre

It isn't exactly a case of "Welcome, Little Stranger." The Woman of Temperament, married to the wretched man who is he while She is SHE, isn't strange. She is an old, old friend. Still, she is always stage-worthy, and in Mr. Galsworthy's skilled hands fills four acts so satisfactorily that "The Fugitive," as he calls her, deserves an evening bill. She matters far too much to be matinéed into obscurity.

Clare Dedmond, finds married life with a man who doesn't understand her so insufferable that she has, positively, as it were, to chuck it, to get free, to expand. Easily enough said, but by no means easily done. Husband, family, friends are all on her scent. In the name of her name (that is, as she reminds him, his name), she is besought to come back. She won't go, even though employment fails her, and the man she alleges herself to love (a journalist!) bids fair to be ruined as a result of her compromising devotion. When, however, she discovers, after living with him for some weeks, from his cold return of a critical kiss, that his love for her is as cold as journalism, she decamps, with his bottle of drugs in her pocket, and takes a table *à la demi mondaine*, all by herself at the Gascony Restaurant. What then happens I'll leave, but it's very exciting and exceedingly well written, acted, and staged.

The author achieves success, I think, by the manner in which he concentrates interest on a character which

MISS IRENE ROOKE

Who plays the heroine of Mr. Galsworthy's striking play "The Fugitive," at the Court Theatre

is, after all, too, too familiar in modern drama. Despite our weariness of the temperamental woman we do follow with such interest and sympathy the flight of this "Fugitive" from the hounds of conventionality, that it is not until we come out that we are inclined to pick her to pieces. A woman who to escape from marriage with one Mistake attaches herself to another Mistake is not, after all, representative enough to be a problem. In life, the temperamental woman generally makes sure of the second man, anyway, before she surrenders the first. In life, too, instead of doing as Clare does in the last act, the average woman would have made the fullest possible use of the very nice and chivalrous young subaltern, so tremendous an improvement on her earlier captures, who sups with her expectantly at the Gascony.

The part of the heroine is played somewhat intensely, but well, by Miss Irene Rooke, whose likeness to the Mrs. Langtry of other days is notable. Mr. Milton Rosmer as the journalist has not much to say, but thinks, smokes, reads, walks, and bangs doors convincingly. A prig, of course, but if one encountered a stage journalist who wasn't either that or a cad or a sneak one would almost instinctively go to the box-office and demand back one's visiting-card. The landlady of the rooms where the trouble happens is most admirably played by Mrs. A. B. Tapping. I wonder, though, when we are going to see on the stage a new type of landlady? V.C.

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RACING: The Newbury Cup. By CARBINE

The "Key to the Cesarewitch"

A few years ago people referred to the Newbury Autumn Cup as the "key to the Cesarewitch." Its reputation arose through the fact that Demure won the big Newmarket race after all but winning the cup at Newbury. We have not had such a "straight tip" since then. Still, many horses are engaged in the two races this year, and the Newbury event, which is to be run on Friday, will be watched with special interest. Last year it was won by Balscadden under 8st. 2lb. He now carries an additional 4lb., and no doubt has a good chance of repeating his success. Of the other topweights, Lady Eileen is extremely well-weighted on her last season's form with her then stable companion Rivoli, and this rather uncertain mare could win right enough if in the proper mood. Lancaster is nicely handicapped, and The Tilt is likely to be well suited by the distance. But the pick of the handicap, in my opinion, is **Last Stand**, who is much more leniently treated here than in the Cesarewitch. If he can stay the course, and is adequately ridden, the race may prove a good thing for him. He was bought out of a selling race, but so was that great horse Long Set.

At Hurst Park

Preceding Newbury on Wednesday is the Hurst Park meeting, with promise of some good racing. The Durham Handicap, like the Newbury Cup, may possibly throw some interesting light on the Cesarewitch, and it may be won by **Cavalry** or in his absence by Wagstaff. **Agadir** has only to return to the form he showed early in the season to win the Autumn Yearling Plate. **Bugler** may win the Vyner Handicap and the **Therapia filly** the Stewards' Nursery.

Newbury Selections

Turning again to the opening day of the Newbury fixture we shall hope to see the unbeaten **Aldford** in the Newbury Foal Stakes. The Duke of Westminster's colt has a lot of weight to give away, but I hear that he is very well just now, and I shall expect him to win. Of course, we cannot put Aldford in the same class as The Tetrarch, but it is possible that the Kingsclere colt is the second best youngster of the season. For the Donnington Castle Plate on the same afternoon my selection is **Happy Warrior**, but be careful of Brandon Creek if he makes his much-delayed first appearance here. On the second day the Kingsclere Stakes will bring out some of the St. Leger horses again, with the possible addition of **Fairy King**, who should win. He will incur no penalty for the Cambridgeshire by a success in this event. The Highclere Nursery may be won by **Last of the Lenas**, though no doubt Lord Carnarvon's stable will bring out something "warm" for this race.

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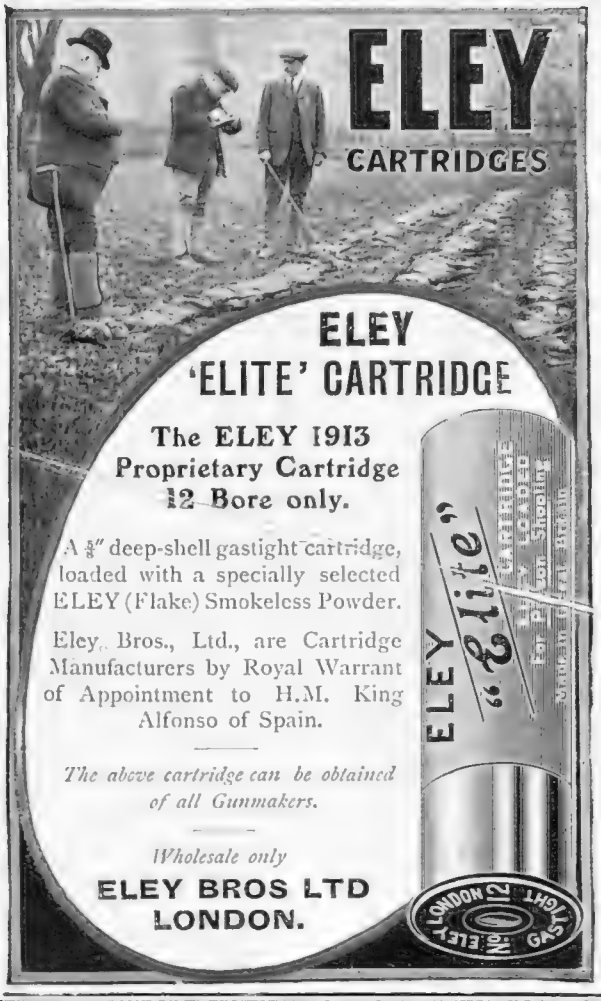

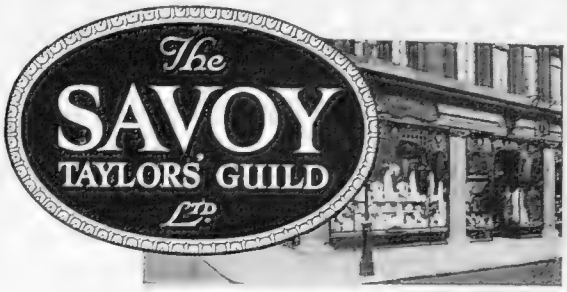

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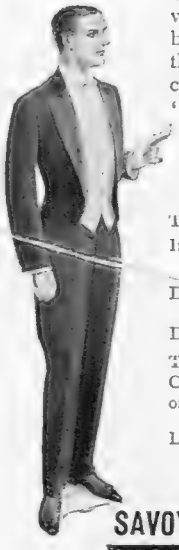

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A New Wells Novel

"The Passionate Friends"

Deservedly prominent among the big autumn novels will be the new Wells' book—not the delightful *Little Wars* (Palmer: 2*s.* 6*d.* net), which describes the best game for all New Utopians, but the full-length, full-blooded *The Passionate Friends* (Macmillan: 6*s.*). It is a book which grows on you. Some people, I fancy, will be disappointed with it. They will say: why does the author so frequently interrupt his narrative to lecture us? But a moment will come when they will find themselves quite unexpectedly recalling this or that passage and seeing how inevitably Mr. Stephen Stratton, whom Mr. Wells allows to tell his own story, comes to write it. The book, which is written for Stratton's own son, has at once a warning and an explanation, and contains the story of his relations with Lady Mary Christian, but it also contains the various steps in the process of his metamorphosis from ordinary, respectably narrow Englishman to constructive citizen of the world. The story is simple, just such a story as lesser writers would have chosen to embroider in the usual romantic way. Stephen and Lady Mary fall in love with each other as youngsters. Mary, eager for a great position, marries the millionaire Justin; Stephen goes to South Africa and fights in the war. Lady Mary becomes Stephen's mistress, and the two of them are "found out." Whereupon Mr. Wells has a humorous fling at things. Now is the time for the hero of romance to rescue his lady from the clutches of an unsympathetic husband; but Mr. Wells is not writing romance. Justin will not divorce; Lady Mary will not go away with her lover. It is Stephen himself who is forced to go away, powerless and crushed, to "begin all over again." And it is the hardest possible luck that after he is married and has children of his own that he should meet Mary again. No longer is a divorce impracticable, and Lady Mary knows this as well as Stephen's own lawyer. She kills herself, and Stratton writes this book for his son. The tragedy, perhaps, is inevitable; yet one could wish that any solution had been possible. A big, bold, hopeful book, setting down things as they are—a book to be re-read in awhile. . . .

The Spanish Inquisition

Mr. Raphael Sabatini's *Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition* (Stanley Paul: 16*s.* net.) is a terrible book. You read on and on, fascinated by the horrors inflicted on those wretched New Christians of Spain, by the men, Torquemada at their head, who were so determined that the Church of Rome should demolish its enemies for all time. The figure of Torquemada himself is almost sublime. That he was absolutely sincere can hardly be doubted. Few men can have hated as he did. Mr. Sabatini, maintaining, when possible, his attitude of impartiality, spares us nothing. With the novelist's skill he makes everything horribly real. He has historical facts to work upon, and he follows out Torquemada's rise to power with commendable exactitude. RALPH STRAUS

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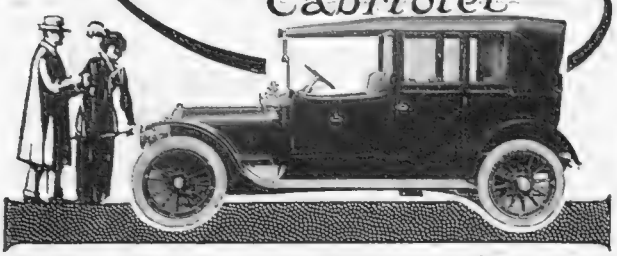

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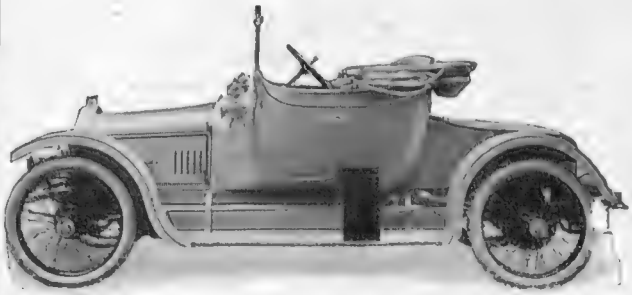

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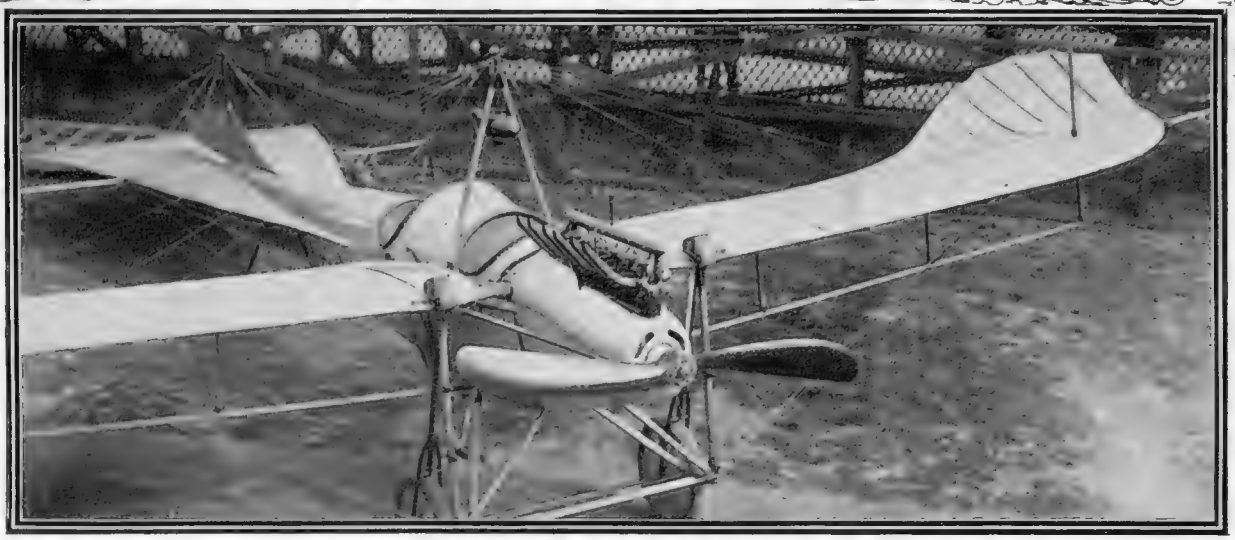


A MECHANICAL PIGEON

Otherwise the Etrich monoplane, which has the appearance of a pigeon on account of its curious shaped wings. It was piloted recently by the German aviator Friedrich from Paris to Hendon at an average altitude of 4,500 feet, the time taken, including the regulation stop of an hour and a half at Calais, being 5 hours and 20 minutes. Herr Friedrich was accompanied by Herr Etrich, the inventor of the craft

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

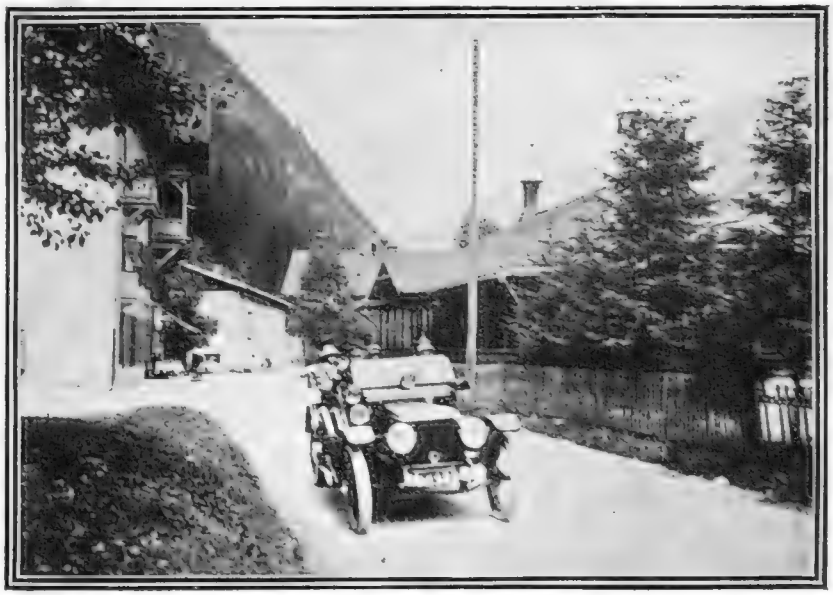
BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

In Reply to Critics

The common or alpenstock mountaineer has, I believe, a very fine scorn for those who prefer to do their hill-climbing by whatever road is open and the best of whatever choice is available. His idea is to select the most inaccessible of peaks and to scramble up as many feet as possible. The more difficult and dangerous the climb, the greater the glory of the achievement; although being cast in a sober mould, I confess I have ever failed to appreciate the value of the performance. But heroism or stupidity, it is not my business. The meat of one man is the poison of another, and so long as I am free to do as I please, he is similarly free so far as I am concerned. I prefer the road, and, at risk of the leg-climber's enormous irony, deliberately choose to do it a-wheel rather than a-foot. And the muscle mountaineer can take it from me that there is health and a keen enjoyment in motor mountaineering with a sufficient spice of adventure to it to satisfy the normal appetite quite apart from the fact that it is a useful occupation, in that it is a test of a vehicle of public service establishing efficiency, or stimulating the development of efficiency, at the same time that it is accelerating the evolution and perfection of that prime requirement of all civilised peoples—roads. There is no reproach here for the mountain-climber. There is no more than a mild suggestion that the irony he sometimes expresses might be tempered to advantage by the reflection that, after all, his form of enjoyment is no more than an individual indulgence, with little, if any, advantage to the community, while mine is a form of enjoyment equally keen as an individual indulgence, but with a very well-defined society profit in it.

Motor Mountaineering

It happens that, at the moment, I am at the foot of the first of a dozen passes it is proposed to scale by car during the next few days; and it also happens that the scornful leg-climber is in the vicinity indulging in what seems to be the favourite occupation of the hours he can spare from his strenuous scrambles. And it occurs to me that while rebuking my friend the leg-mania expert, I may do a little to encourage the motorist to put his trepidation in his pocket, and, if engine and brakes are in order, to realise what is doubtless a desire by attempting the ascent of the Mont Cenis or some similar pass. The power plant



THE DAIMLER IN THE ALPS

Mr. R. T. Robinson, of Perth, W.A., in his 20 h.-p. Daimler on the Brenner Pass, Switzerland

should, if in good order (and if it isn't it should be placed in the shop with the least possible delay or scrapped), certainly be equal to the task unless overloaded, while anybody with care and the utilisation of the engine-brake, as well as the shaft and back-wheel brakes, can negotiate the "hairpins" and sudden rises of a well-engineered road like this of Mont Cenis. It invests motoring with a new atmosphere, adds to personal pleasure, is indirectly of value to the community, and gives one pride in the possession of an instrument of travel without an equal on the road, generally regarded, and with a particular appeal for the owner, separately regarded. Incidentally, it discovers the machine to its driver perhaps for the first time, and, therefore, he knows something of what to expect from that type of vehicle. It is a little more expensive, of course, but not prohibitively so; and there's the great Routes Nationales of France, worn badly, most sadly pot-holed over stretches, still many leagues where the dust is direful, and some other leagues where *pavé* is as *pavé* can be, but for the rest most grateful to travel on. Mountain motoring by all means, for even yet it is not too late to make a start.

Photograph *McGeachie*

MR. HARRY LAUDER

At the wheel of his Ford two-seater car. The photograph was taken in the gardens of the famous comedian's house at Dunoon

Miscellanea

Siddles's Coach and Motor Company, Ltd., Penrith, have written to the Dunlop Rubber Company concerning the result they have obtained from Dunlop tyres, which is not uninteresting. The tyres, fitted to a 17·25 h.-p. Armstrong-Whitworth, were delivered to the firm sixteen months ago. The offside tyre on the front wheel gave out after covering ten thousand four hundred miles, and was never off the wheel, nor was it once punctured. Anyone knowing the roads in Westmorland and Cumberland will understand the value of a test of this kind. "After such a performance," a director of the company writes, "we think that it is only fair to tell you of such an excellent result, and how well we are satisfied with the tyres of your manufacture."

The Klaxon Co., Ltd., 41, Great Portland Street, W., have recently introduced a new instrument called the Klaxon-A, motor driven and selling at £3 15s. 0d., or complete with dry battery, £4 4s. 0d.

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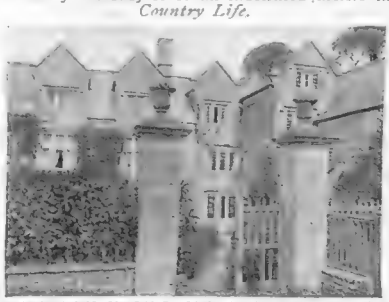

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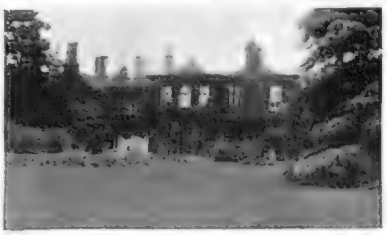

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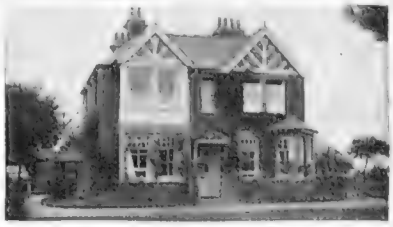

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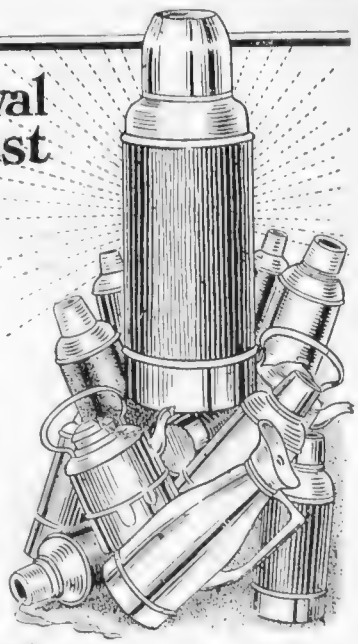

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An old style Vacuum Flask, or the modern up-to-date

AUTOTHERM VACUUM FLASK

with these ten distinctive advantages:

(eight of which are pointed out in the diagram)

1. **Hygienic parchment over screw-cork prevents contact of cork with liquid.**
2. **Beautifully rounded glass neck—no plaster or other injurious matter.**
3. **Ingenious rubber device protects neck of bottle.**
4. **"AUTOTHERM" carries EXTRA CUPS. Other makes carry ONE only.**
5. **Drinking cups slip on—released in a second. No screw-on part to retain remains of liquid.**
6. **Top held rigidly by metal clutch**
7. **The "AUTOTHERM" can be taken apart quickly. Inner parts detached in a few seconds.**
8. **Bottle rests on rubber cushion which prevents breakage.**
9. **Ordinary vacuum bottles, with ordinary corks, are liable to be broken when the cork is pressed in. The "AUTOTHERM" screw-cork prevents this.**
10. **With an ordinary cork the steam pressure tends to force it out, also, on the other hand, the cork is very liable to slip into the bottle. No chance of either with the "AUTOTHERM" screw-cork.**

When purchasing a vacuum flask you want the most perfect and most up-to-date one obtainable—

The Autotherm Vacuum Flask

To its power of keeping boiling liquids steaming hot for twenty-four hours, and cold liquids cold for a week, the "AUTOTHERM" adds the above ten distinctive points of superiority not found in any other vacuum flask. These improvements greatly increase its usefulness, durability, convenience, strength and cleanliness

The AUTOTHERM VACUUM FLASK is indispensable when on a journey. No tea tastes as well as your own tea, and liquid refreshments, either hot or cold, are never so nice as those carried in the "AUTOTHERM."

In the sick-room or the nursery, think what a comfort and convenience it is to have a well-filled AUTOTHERM VACUUM FLASK ready for any emergency throughout the night.

In these ways the AUTOTHERM FLASK is as superior to its rivals as the modern locomotive is to the early steam engine. It is also the cheapest as well as the best.

Note the Low Prices: from 10/6 to £2.2s.

The genuine "AUTOTHERM" is sold by all Stores, high-class Silversmiths, Ironmongers, Chemists, and Fancy Goods Dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you send name and address to—

H. W. KOEHLER, Sole Distributor for Great Britain and the Colonies, 10 Wood Street Square, London, E.C.

who will see that you are supplied.

HITCHINGS' LD

The "Princess Patricia" Carriage (Reg. Design No. 476681)

The best are the cheapest in the long run. Buy a Hitchings' Baby Carriage in preference to any other, and you will obtain the best possible value for your money.

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TAILOR SHIRTS guaranteed cut and finished by expert men tailors, and altogether different to the ordinary so-called tailor shirt. The shape and fit are quite perfect, stocked in five sizes, namely, 13, 13½, 14, 14½ and 15.

NEW TAILOR SHIRT, in heavy Pyjama silk, with large crochet buttons and piped armholes, specially cut to give plenty of scope for raising arm.

Price **21/9**

Also in heavy crêpe de chine, price 49/6.

Catalogue post free.

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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
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Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

No. 877

PHAT-PHEET

For Manly Little Dancers

Phat-Pheet Dancing Sandals are planned with an understanding of the freedom and support required by the feet of little dancers—are planned to give fuller ease, fuller support, and fuller grace of tread. So carefully have these Phat-Pheet productions been thought out that there is a further fine distinction between boys' and girls' Sandals.

No. 877 is the design for boys. It has a truly masculine air. It is made with a Court Shoe Bow, and with a slight spring heel. It has a slight wedge at the heel which has been found desirable for boys' wear. The result of careful thought and experiment, this Sandal gives a boy something exactly suited for the feet of little men instead of a girl's Sandal merely. POST FREE PRICES: 8-9, 6/9; 9½-11, 7/-; 11½-13, 7/3; 13½-2, 7/9.

GOODS sent on approval for London Trade reference or cash. Full Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on request.

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& SONS LIMITED

Fitting Rooms at 126, Kensington High Street, W.; and at 68-70, Edgware Road, W.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT.
By Special Royal Warrants to H.M. Queen Alexandra. H.I.M. Empress of Russia. The Queen of Norway.

The AILSA.

ROBERT HEATH'S Cap is the most comfortable ever made for all Sports. It is reversible, one side being Black Velvet and the other Shot Waterproof Silk. It will stand drenching rain and can be worn whichever side the wearer prefers. Made in all Coloured Waterproof Silks reversed with Black Velvet or any other Shade. Price 31/6

"Does not require pinning on, it fits so securely."

ROBERT HEATH, Ltd.
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.
ONLY ADDRESS.

THE NEW COAT FOR SPORTS WEAR

THE LOW WAIST.

THE "ELVASTON" COAT.

A three-quarter length roomy wrap, slightly drawn to the figure below the waist by a deep belt with natty little flap pockets.

Makes up extremely smart in my new and bright shades of Blanket Cloths, Fleeces, Naps, etc.

PRICE **4** GNS.

THE WEYBRIDGE SPORTS COAT.

A natty short coat with deep belt slightly below the waist, specially designed to wear with various skirts, in my new and brilliant shades of Homespuns, Fleeces, etc.

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A magnificent collection of SHORT AND THREE-QUARTER

SPORTS COATS

in many original styles in my new Fleeces, Homespuns, Blanket Cloths, etc.

THE "GLENSIDE" SPORTS COAT.

A new short coat specially designed to wear with various skirts for Sports wear.

Made in my new materials in brilliant colours.

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£100 A YEAR FOR LIFE

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It only costs a man of Sixty-nine £753 down to secure a fixed and certain income of £100 per annum for the rest of his life by the purchase of a Canada Life Annuity.

His capital, in accordance with the strict Canadian Assurance Laws, is immediately placed under the direct control of the Government of Canada. The punctual payment of his annual income is positively guaranteed by lien over the Company's vast assets, now approximating £10,000,000, and by the high standing and integrity of this, the oldest and soundest of Colonial Life Offices.

Equally generous terms are granted for other ages, both for men and women.

Let us send you our special Annuity Booklet, you will find the whole subject extremely fascinating.

Write at once (stating age) to—

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(Accumulated Funds £10,000,000. Estab. 1847.)

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London Shoe Co Ltd.
Makers to Her Majesty

BOND STREET STYLE

IT is a common notion that a Golf Shoe, because it gets hard wear, must be clumsy and unattractive in design. This is a fallacy, as a glance at our illustration proves. For here is a Golf Shoe not only possessing every quality requisite for the hardest wear, but neat, smart and graceful—it is in short, a perfect example of our famous Bond Street style.

D.1117.—Lady's Tan Willow or Box Calf Golf Shoe, Brogued. The pair **16/9**

Letter Orders receive most careful attention, and carriage is paid throughout the United Kingdom.

The LONDON SHOE Co Ltd

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DR. PIERRE'S DENTAL PREPARATIONS
By Special Appointment to
H.M. THE QUEEN-MOTHER OF ITALY
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6 GRANDS PRIX & 25 MEDALS
awarded for Excellence.

NO OTHER DENTIFRICE
has such incontestable proofs of superiority.

DR. PIERRE'S
TOOTH PASTE

Containing neither Acid nor Grit.
Does not injure the Enamel.

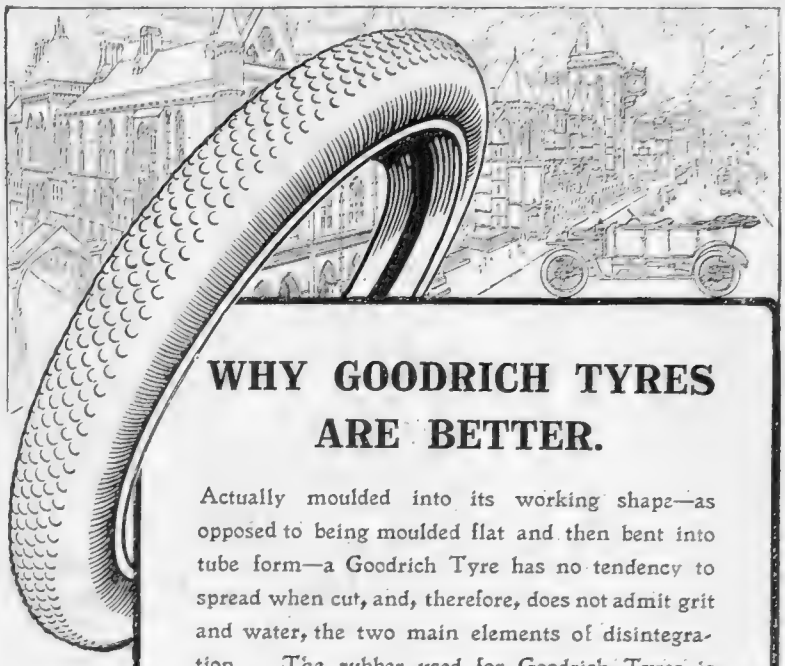
SAMPLES **2d.** Post Free from Depôt E, 203, REGENT ST., W.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

VERNET-LES-BAINS.

The "Paradise of the Pyrenees."
Altitude, 2,035 ft.
NOT WINDY. NOT DAMP. SUNNY.
Natural Hot Sulphur Springs.
Up-to-date Bath Establishments.

The French Autumn, Winter and Spring Spa for Rheumatism, Gout, Arthritis, Sciatica, Complexion, Bronchitis, Nervous and General Weakness, Convalescence, etc. First-class Hotels, with every modern comfort communicating directly with the Baths. Newly Furnished Villas, with central heating. Moderate Terms. Private Grounds, Charming Excursions, Tennis, etc. Casino, Good Club with English Billiards, Ladies' Bridge Rooms, Theatre, Orchestra, etc. Through bookings from London. Through carriage from Paris. Illustrated Brochure (English) from
E. & G. KIECHLÉ BROS.,
Vernet-les-Bains, (Pyr. Or.) France.



WHY GOODRICH TYRES ARE BETTER.

Actually moulded into its working shape—as opposed to being moulded flat and then bent into tube form—a Goodrich Tyre has no tendency to spread when cut, and, therefore, does not admit grit and water, the two main elements of disintegration. The rubber used for Goodrich Tyres is "softer" than that used in other tyres, making it more resilient, but being at the same time of closer grain it is also tougher. Goodrich Tyres possess in a pre-eminent degree Toughness and Resilience, the two main virtues of a perfect tyre.

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GOODRICH TYRES

Manufactured by the B.F. GOODRICH CO., LTD.,
117-123, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

All users of motor traction should try GOODRICH BAND TYRES and get the maximum of safety, resilience and durability

Sea-Sickness Prevented AND CURED

Positively prevents and cures sea-sickness and train-sickness. Tested on the English Channel, Irish and Baltic Seas by leading newspapers.

BY

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY.

Used on L.B. & S.C. Ry. Newhaven and Dieppe Route, I. of M. Steamers, Liners, Polytechnic Tours, &c., the Nobility, Doctors, Chemists, Army, &c.

It turns dread of the sea-voyage into pleasure.
Of all Chemists, 2/3 & 4/6, or 19, St. Bride St., London.
GUARANTEED TO CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

Complete Comfort

In any room of the house you can have complete comfort by installing a Pelham Fire—a hearth fire that gives out a cheering warmth to the uttermost parts of the room.

Pelham Fires

are made in many artistic designs and are wonderfully economical in consumption of fuel. One like the illustration costs only **£4 10s.** These fires can be inspected at the Falkirk Iron Company's Showrooms, Craven House, Kingsway, W.C. May we send you catalogues and price list?

LEWIS & GRUNDY, LTD.,
Dept. B,
NOTTINGHAM.

APPALLING DISCOVERY WHICH AFFECTS YOUR HAIR.

NATIONAL DANGER OF BALDNESS.

ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST'S GENEROUS OFFER TO READERS.

THE DISCOVERY.

Mr. Edwards, the leading Court hair specialist and inventor of "Harlene Hair Drill," has made the appalling discovery that hundreds of thousands of ladies and gentlemen who are doubtless most particular over their appearance, are unconsciously actually cultivating baldness, and are to-day doing their utmost to ruin their hair.

The distressing picture on the left, with the enlarged photograph of a hair and its root in the scalp, shows only too plainly how this is.

There is an accumulation of scurf literally choking the hair-root and allowing it no nourishment. The hair is slowly but surely being murdered.

"But I carefully wash my head and remove that scurf," someone replies.

This is a grave error.

Mr. Edwards has proved that NO AMOUNT OF WASHING the scalp can remove anything but a small portion of this accumulation.

Think what this means.

It means that you, who are so particular of your personal cleanliness, are actually permitting an accumulation of scurf and filth to collect on your head, and thereby murder your hair. No wonder you are filled with disgust.

No hair can withstand the insidious attacks of this loathsome scurf.

You may not have noticed it yet, but this is what will surely happen. Your hair will

Lose its elasticity.
Become brittle.
Split at the ends.
—Lose its gloss and lustre.
—Become faded and grey.
—Fall out in handfuls.

Here you have in graphic form disclosed the terrible nature of Mr. Edwards' discovery. The head on the left is the result of neglecting to drill your hair with Harlene. Note the enlarged photograph of a single hair, and you see how the root is choked with scurf. On the right you see a "Harlene Hair-Drilled" head with its rich growth of hair. Note again the enlarged photograph shown alongside the picture—note the absence of scurf—the entire cleanliness, and the healthy state of the hair. Your head is one of these two. Send to-day for the Free Sample Outfit, and make it the "Harlene Hair Drilled" head of rich flowing hair.

BALDNESS PARTIAL OR ENTIRE THREATENS YOU.

Is it not a truly terrible prospect?

But Mr. Edwards has not only made his appalling discovery; he has gone further, and furnished the remedy for this abominable condition.

He has invented a secret process which enables you to thoroughly cleanse the scalp, dissolve away ALL the scurf, and actually nourish the hair-roots, producing and retaining that rich flowing growth so much admired.

This secret method is the famous "Harlene Hair Drill," as used daily by all possessors of flowing hair, from Royalty downwards.

"Harlene Hair Drill" not only grows hair strong and vigorous, where previously was little or no growth, IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO RETAIN YOUR HAIR'S HEALTH

Unless you wish to ruin your hair—and, of course, you do not wish to do so now you have seen the terrible effects of neglect—you must start your "Harlene Hair Drill" to-day.

"Harlene Hair Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp disorders just by two minutes' practice every day:—

—Total Baldness (even of years standing).
—Partial or patchy Baldness.
—Thinning of Hair over the Temples.
—Thin, weak, straggling Hair.
—Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
—Hair which splits at the ends.
—Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
—Dry, brittle Hair.
—Greasy, inelastic Hair.
—Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff.
—Discoloured Hair.
—Irritation of the Scalp.

ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST'S GENEROUS OFFER.

Realising how distressed the readers will be at his appalling discovery, Mr. Edwards has decided to continue for a short time longer the distribution of his valuable Free "Harlene Drill" Outfits.

It is his aim to save all from surely approaching baldness.

FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is printed a coupon. Fill it up and send it (with 3*d.* in stamps to pay postage of return outfit) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will receive:—

1. A Trial Bottle of that delightful hair-food and tonic dressing, HARLENE FOR THE HAIR
2. A packet of CREMEX FOR THE SCALP, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the hair for the "Hair Drill" treatment.
3. Mr. Edwards' private book of "HAIR DRILL" RULES, which shows you how, by practising them for two minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy and lustrous abundance.

All Chemists and Stores sell Harlene-for-the-Hair in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles; Cremex in 1*s.* boxes of seven shampoos; single shampoos, 2*d.*; or you can obtain them post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C. Foreign orders freight extra All cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO A COMPLETE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT FREE.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me by return of post a presentation toilet outfit for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill."

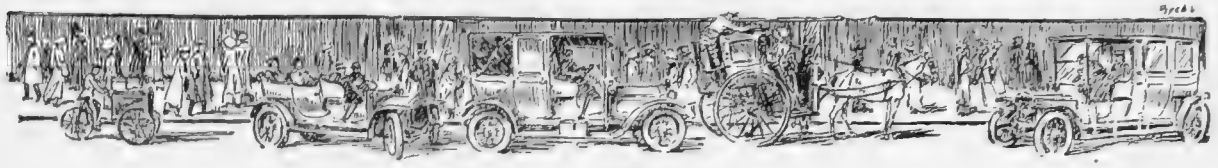
Enclose 3*d.* in stamps to pay carriage of above to any address in the world. *Foreign stamps accepted.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Bystander, September 24, 1913.

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

Summer Over

SUMMER clothes are definitely over and done with, and the definite is always a relief. There has been a nip in the air that is unmistakable, and those possessed of furs—red fox in particular—have lost no opportunity of airing their possessions.

Vividly Dyed Furs

There was some question whether these would be recognised. But they are, and by great authorities moreover, who do not stamp the hall-mark of their approval on a doubtful vogue. At the same time, the real fur connoisseurs do not disguise a certain disdain of the procedure, although it must of necessity sell a wealth of white fox, the pelt chiefly in request for the purpose. Only this week I met, in one of our most noted fur *salons*, a three-quarter length seal musquash, the back of the coat cunningly draped into a shaped *volant*, that was nipped in closely below the knees, to which a great shawl-shaped collar of citron fox imparted a distinctive finish

A Passing Freak

This delicate yellow hue is of course a very mild expression of the dyes that are used, and which for the most part are arranged to harmonise with the material composing the wrap. For myself, I consider these brightly coloured furs merely a passing freak, and with by no means the long life before them that is promised for the natural pelts. Among these there figures prominently fitch, and, of course, every denomination of fox, blue racoon, and, as goes without saying, skunk, etc. Very fine caracal again, I understand, is much in request for the elaborate short coat, which, despite many reports to the contrary, is advancing steadily in favour. The very latest addition is a draped satin sash.

Autumnal Coats

Speaking of coats though, I am perfectly fascinated by one they are showing at Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road. I do not remember ever having seen just the same type of wrap. But it unquestionably fulfils an autumnal need, and is at the same time supremely original and pleasing. The fabric culled to its service is corduroy velveteen, in two cords, a coarse and a fine, the former presenting in my opinion by far the smartest effect. Of the style, particulars can be gleaned from the sketch we have had taken.

FOR AUTUMN WEAR

A coat in corduroy velveteen, of free cut, with straight sleeves and thrown open fronts fastened at the top

SKETCHED AT GORRINGE'S, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Of Free Cut

The cut is particularly free, a visible seam running down the extended shoulder seam, at the base of which the straight sleeves are set in. The thrown open fronts are just fastened at the summit and then left free, to be closed over at the will of the wearer, a band placed low down and a square-shaped collar of sable dyed squirrel concluding the constructive scheme. The special name given the corduroy for the purpose is "Épais," and the colours through which it ranges are too seductive for words. There is mole, pewter grey, verdigris, *rose du Barry*, the new honey shade, etc., and Gorringe's price for this most admirable possession is only 69*s.* 6*d.* There is no woman who sees it but will long to possess it, since it is calculated to meet a variety of vicissitudes, and cannot fail in every case to invest the wearer with elegance.

Representative Dresses at the Royalty

Although there is not a vast deal of scope for fine toilettes in the new play here, *Interlopers*, Miss Miriam Lewis is particularly well gowned, and Miss Evelyn Weeden wears one of the most charming house gowns the stage has been permitted to exploit this season. This last alike in colouring and form represents a creation of really refined elegance,

such as it is a pleasure to meet in these days of ultra extravagance. The material composing it is lavender *charmeuse;* the skirt, swathed round the figure with the merest *soupçon* of drapery in front, has a short train. Anything more perfect than the cut and modelling of the corsage it is impossible to conceive, the *charmeuse* fitting the shoulders as though it had been melted and poured on, while beneath the arms and about the waist generally there comes the decreed *blousée* appearance, the sleeves worked in one, embracing the arms closely to the wrist, where little up-and-down ruffles of white *tulle* are divided by a tiny line of old rose velvet, the keynote of which is supplied in a high swathed belt, a great rose in tone being thrust into the folds at one side the front. A soft kerchief of white *tulle*, edged with a tiny unhemmed frill of the same, has the inner edge slightly crossed over, and so fills in the "V"-shaped hiatus. It is all so simple and without effort, a veritable triumph for the *couturière* responsible for the creation.

A Beautiful Evening Toilette

Miss Miriam Lewis makes her appearance in the Second Act in a somewhat flamboyant, but exceedingly beautiful evening toilette of deep purple and dull gold brocade. The fabric is obviously of the most *souple* character, as this *jupe* is likewise moulded to the figure in close swathings, which at the hem take an upward curve, back and front, and so reveals a *doublure* of emerald green. Above the waist the brocade is carried for a short distance in slight folds that imprison the base of the exceedingly transparent *décolletage* of *tulle*, on which a light garniture of *dimanté* is arranged, caught in front by a barbaric jewelled ornament, and from this hang three long dull gold tassels that are repeated at the back.

Symbols of Voluptuousness

Equally symbolical of the essentially voluptuous nature of the character she represents, Miss Lewis's walking costume of deep myrtle green chiffon velvet, the quaint coat fitted low down with a deep band, and trimmed with natural fitch, having a lining of satin in a rich banana shade and a little vest of bright Persian colourings. The accompanying black velvet hat was frankly hideous, with a hard little aigrette standing out like a dissipated bowsprit over one eye. But they are doing such things in the highest millinery circles, and, moreover, standing firmly by their choice.

A CHEVIOT COAT

For a small boy. The double-breasted fronts can be closed right up to the neck or thrown back at will. It is obtainable in blues, greens, or browns, for boys from two to six years of age

IN FORESTER GREEN

A useful tunic suit, finished with a white lawn collar, for boys at the first "breeching" stage

SKETCHES AT SHOOLBRED'S, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Small Boys' Suits

For the subject of our second and third pictures this week a raid was made on the boys' outfitting department at Shoolbreds, Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road. Although the authorities there have rested satisfied in turning out a satisfactory number of suits and coats for tiny boys, each year—in the opinion of myself and *confrère* of the brush—the fact that they have a singular talent for this branch of tailoring work is not by any means as widely known as it should be.

A Cheviot—

Hence our raid, and the resulting illustrations of a jolly little overcoat and a tunic suit. Now note and mark of what the first garment is fashioned, and likewise its price. The material requisitioned is Cheviot lined through with a fancy woollen check. The back is planned with a yoke, into which the lower part is set with an inverted centre pleat held by a half band. And the double-breasted fronts can be closed right up to the throat, or thrown back to form a rever. It is just a real practical autumn and winter coat, and obtainable in a nice range of blues, greens, browns and a pretty Saxe shade, for boys from two to six years, at prices ranging from 15s. 6d. to 21s. Though this is only one of numerous styles, another model being a *sac* shape, and cut rather full to wear over petticoats, if desired.

—A Tunic Suit—

Then the tunic suit, than which nothing better has ever been devised to meet the case of wee laddies at the first breeching stage. Shoolbred's are using a fine diagonal serge for the particular model sketched in such a pleasant and original Forester green, the tunic finished with a white lawn collar. Completed with infinitesimal breeches, the cost is 15s. 6d., a rise to one guinea occurring if cloth or velveteen is preferred to the suiting.

—And a Covert Coat

Then just one more feature here is the dearest little covert coat, exceptionally smartly cut and tailored, with Chesterfield front and pocket flaps and cap to match, that is just the very thing for embryo horsemen. The slightest survey, however, will convince anyone of the supreme understanding accorded to little boys' garbing at Tottenham House.

An All-important Point

about Southalls' Towels is that they are made of an original and perfectly hygienic material.

It is thoroughly antiseptic, comfortable, and absorbs evenly throughout by capillary attraction. Only in

SOUTHALLS' TOWELS

can this material be obtained, and only Southalls' have the correct shaping, improved ends, easy attachment, and extra thickness.

Southalls' Towels are most economical and last longest. One trial will prove their great superiority over substitutes and the diaper.

'Southalls' are sold by Drapers' Chemists, etc., in packets of 1 doz at 6d., 1/-, 1/6 and 2/-

Do not ask for "Sanitary Towels"—ask specially for SOUTHALLS

By Special Appointment to H.M. the King

FRANK COOPER'S "OXFORD" MARMALADE

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY "OXFORD."

SAMPLE JAR FREE on receipt of 3d. stamps for postage. Frank Cooper, Oxford.

KINDLY MENTION NAME OF YOUR GROCER.

HOW TO BECOME GRACEFUL

A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Colonel's wife writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—my double chin has quite disappeared!" Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Dozens of testimonials can be seen. Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles.

Madame ELVIRA,

SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE,

4a, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.

(Under Royal Patronage).

Telephone: - - - 6017 Victoria.

MARICH Cigarettes

SMOKED BY ROYALTY

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. for stamps) for 1/6 and mentioning paper.

Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.

100 post free, 7s.

V. MARICH & Co., (MALTA), Dept. B, Billiter Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

Ideal for Floors & Linos

JACKSON'S Wax Polish

Free sample and booklet from works—Malt Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.

DARLING! DO use

"KRASKA"

LIQUID NAIL POLISH

(Rose or Naturelle).

It induces such a dainty pink hue, lasting for days, much better than powder. It preserves and strengthens the nails, and won't wash off. Used by Marie Tempest, Marie Lohr, Bonita, and most smart women. Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/6 per bottle. "Kraska Royal," superior quality in boxwood case, 4/6. Sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, Stores, and Boots Ltd.: also post free from

THE "KRASKA" CO.,

7, Blenheim Street, Bond Street, W.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD.

THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.

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	GREENHOUSE ft in. ft. in. ft in.	GARAGE ft. in. ft. in. ft.in.
No. 1	Boiler, 11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	Boiler, 20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0
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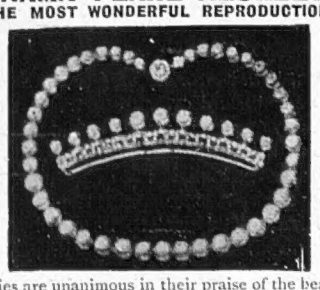

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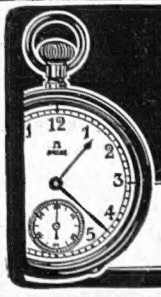

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The Menu: Vegetable Novelties

Boiled Green Corn.
Mushrooms and Tomatoes.
Stewed Lettuces.
Endive with Cream Sauce.
Turnips à la Béchamel.
Vegetable Marrow Stuffed.

Boiled Green Corn

Remove the outer husk which envelops the corn, and put the cobs into a large saucepan of boiling unsalted water; cover, and if the corn is young and tender it will take from fifteen to twenty minutes to boil, but if the corn is beginning to harden, it is advisable to boil it longer. When tender, drain, sprinkle with salt and serve with melted butter. If desired, when removed from the pan, the corn may be sliced from the cob with a sharp knife and re-heated with a little butter, milk, pepper and salt. In America the cobs are generally served whole.

Mushrooms and Tomatoes

Toast a slice of bread, butter it, and cut it into rounds two inches in diameter. Dip the tomatoes into hot water and peel them; cut them into thick slices and lay them on the toast. On the top of these place a peeled mushroom. These must be put into a buttered tin, and a little melted butter poured over each. Then place the dish in the oven for ten minutes and baste with the butter, while cooking. Serve hot and quickly.

Stewed Lettuces

Strip off the outer leaves and cut away the stalks. Wash the lettuces thoroughly and throw them into salted water. They will be tender in twenty-five minutes. Lift them out and press the water from them. Chop them a little and heat them up in a saucepan, with pepper and salt to taste and a small lump of butter. Now dredge in a little flour and stir well. Then add a cupful of gravy. Boil quickly until the lettuces are tolerably dry. Stir in a little lemon juice, and serve hot with fried sippets round.

Endive with Cream Sauce

Wash thoroughly some heads of endive, and trim off the ends. When drained, cook the endive for ten minutes in boiling salted water. Then put it on a sieve to drain and let some cold water run over. Put in a saucepan 1 oz. to 1½ oz. of butter. When melted, stir in a heaped-up tablespoonful of flour, and cook for a few minutes. Add gradually half a pint of milk and a little stock. Season with salt and pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Stir with a wooden spoon over a quick fire for about ten minutes. Then add a tablespoonful of cream and a pinch of castor sugar. Put in the partially cooked endive and finish cooking till quite tender. Dish up and pour the sauce over, to which add a squeeze of lemon juice before serving.

Turnips à la Béchamel

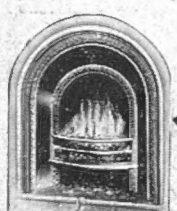
Cut some turnips in quarters and pare them into balls of equal size. Arrange them in a stewpan, and nearly cover them with good veal stock. Add a little salt, a small lump of sugar, and boil them quickly until they are quite tender but not at all broken. Dish them up and pour over a rich, thick, white béchamel sauce.

Vegetable Marrow Stuffed

Boil a marrow in stock or water until quite tender. Cut it in halves lengthways. Hollow out the insides and fill the marrow with a rich mince of white meat, or scalloped lobsters or oysters, or minced mushrooms. Put the two sides together again and dish up with a rich sauce or a piquant sauce round. EMILIA.

How much MONEY do you WASTE on coal?

SEE HOW THE "HUE" WILL STOP THE WASTE.



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A HINT ABOUT SUGAR

The late Sir Henry Thompson, one of the greatest authorities on diet, wrote: "It is scarcely sufficiently known that sugar is a very valuable food where much muscular exercise is taken, and much bodily labour performed: Especially in adults who are becoming exhausted with labour, sugar may be taken largely, with the effect of rapidly affording a fresh supply of power." By far the best sugar in the world is grape-sugar. That is the kind which nourishes and sustains the body; is easily digested, and in every way beneficial. This invaluable substance is found in the Currant. In fact, Currants are nearly all grape-sugar, and that is why they are so good for the health. Those who lead an open-air life should make a point of eating plenty of Currants. Whether raw or cooked is immaterial, but, as Sir Henry Thompson unmistakably indicated, sugar is a provider of power, and should be used by all in need of nourishment. Try these recipes, in which the Currant provides the savoury and nutritious elements.

Currant Marmalade Pudding

4 ozs. bread crumbs, 4 ozs. suet, 4 ozs. sugar, 4 ozs. marmalade, 4 ozs. currants, 2 ozs. flour, 2 eggs, ½ teacupful milk.

METHOD.—Mix all the ingredients together; grease a pudding basin or mould with butter and dust with sugar. Put in the mixture, cover with greased paper, and steam 3 hours.

Currant Cakes

1 lb. flour, ¼ lb. currants, ¼ lb. castor sugar, ½ teaspoonful bi-carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1 oz. candied peel, ½ lb. butter, 3 eggs, pinch of salt.

METHOD.—Sift the flour, soda and cream of tartar, also the salt. Cream the butter and sugar in a basin; when well-beaten, add the eggs one at a time. Mix thoroughly, and lastly, work in the fruit—the peel to be cut in fine shreds or chopped very small. If found too stiff, add a little milk. Bake in a buttered cake tin, in square frame, or in round hoops, for about 40 minutes

THE TRUE

"inwardness" of sheer good spirits is a good digestion — and that is largely a matter of the right beverage at meals.

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The Editor's Box

Travel Books

The admirable series of travel-books issued by the Great Western Railway has just been made more comprehensive by the addition of two attractively written and well-illustrated booklets bearing the titles, "The Severn Valley" and "The Wye Valley," which should quickly become as popular as their predecessors. "The Severn Valley" tells the story in letterpress and photograph of the Land of the Lords Marchers, from Shrewsbury to Worcester, and takes the reader by pleasant literary persuasion into the very heart of this quaint and beautiful tract of country; while the stately castles, old-world towns, and appealing glory of the Wye Valley find apt description in the book of that name. Both volumes are obtainable at all Great Western Railway stations and offices, price twopence.

A Sale of Pianos

I am asked to say that Messrs. Harrods, of Brompton Road, S.W., will hold their annual clearance sale of pianos, piano-players, and organs, commencing on Monday, September 29, and continuing on the following days. They have 616 pianos, new, second-hand, and returned from hire, which will be sold at bargain prices.

The Turf

A contemporary says: In view of the fact that the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgshire have been published, speculation upon these events will have commenced in earnest. It is public property that Turf accountants in general have had a very bad season indeed, many of them being put out of action altogether, so that the responsible channels open to sportsmen are not many; but we are quite justified in asserting that practically any amount of money can be got on these races with Mr. D. M. Gant, of New Bond Street, W., the magnitude of whose operations upon all the principal races has for many years been quite unprecedented. A small investment upon the winning double would probably yield a return out of all proportion to the outlay, and the immense volume of business negotiated by this London firm insures prices which must of necessity compare favourably with the returns of totalisators and sweepstakes. Most important of all, cheques and detailed statements are posted to clients upon the Sunday following the event, so that they receive anything that may be due to them by first post Monday morning.

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. J. A. E. Malone

Who has just joined the board of directors of the Gaiety Theatre. He has been associated with Mr. George Edwardes for twenty-five years, and has long been his right-hand man

Tailoring

Many men like their clothes made according to their own ideas of style and comfort. The trouble with the average tailor is that he prefers to make clothes his own way. Of course, there are exceptions, such as Messrs. B. Cubitt and Co., of 3, Hanover Street, W., where the principal gives his personal attention to all clients, and sees their ideas are carried out.

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